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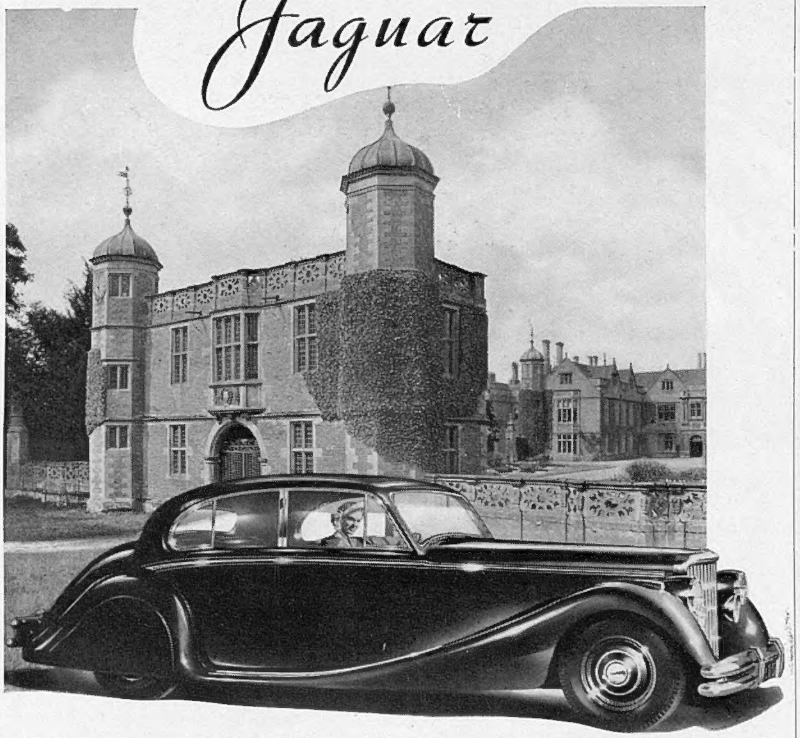

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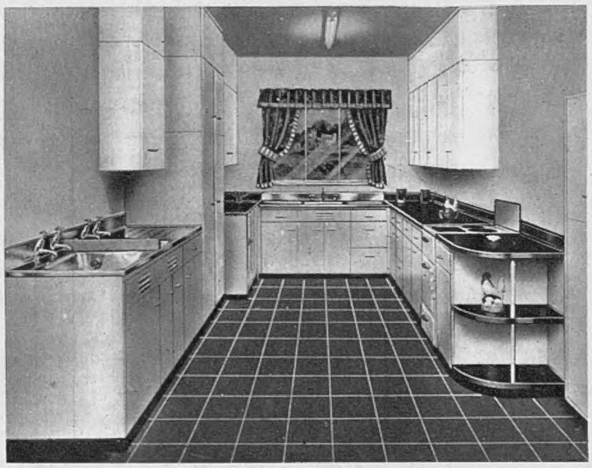

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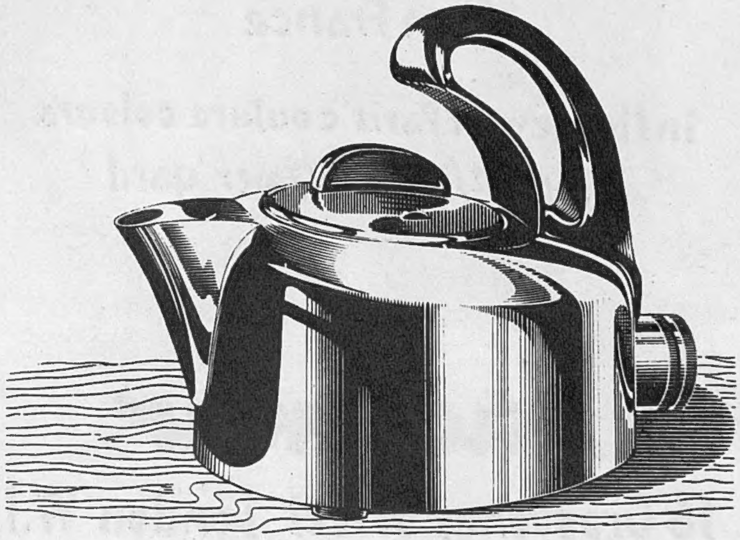

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1950

AUDREY FILDES

. . . will play the part of Diana in *Ring Round the Moon*, a comedy adapted by Christopher Fry from *l'Invitation au Château*, by Jean Anouilh. Produced by Peter Brook, it is due at the Globe Theatre on January 25. Audrey has appeared in *The Relapse* and in *He Who Gets Slapped*.

Photographed by ANTHONY BUCKLEY

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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER

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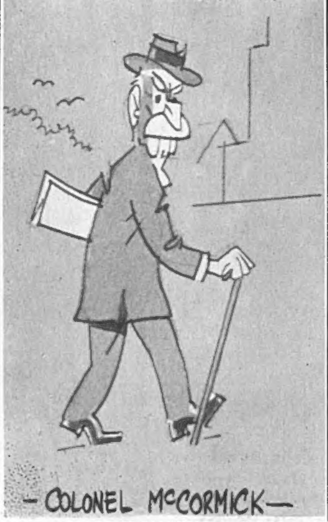
RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

—NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS—



—COLONEL McCORMICK—

?

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

As January winds towards its close, it is fitting that we should review our New Year resolutions and find how we are faring in this grim annual struggle with conscience. It is only right that each human being, like a public company, should issue an annual balance-sheet and then take decisions to reduce the spiritual losses and increase the gains.

Unfortunately that charming essayist, Robert Lynd, who passed from our midst a few months ago, somewhat upset the form by a specious and even seductive device. He told us that all his life he had enjoyed smoking, but such was the power of his will, that on his sixty-ninth birthday he determined never to smoke again.

"I kept the resolution," he said. "I had proved that my will was stronger than my desires. But that did not exhaust my strength of mind. On my seventieth birthday I took another decision, equally implacable, to resume smoking. Once more I proved the power of human resolution, and have been smoking ever since."

As 1950 was born I vowed that in this first year of the second half of the twentieth century I would love all Americans, especially Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, Walter Winchell, Drew Pearson and Ben Hecht. . . . In fact, I would keep them all in reverence and sweet regard.

Then, as always, the tempter appeared. An old friend in Chicago sent me a cutting from the *Chicago Tribune*. It was a letter from a reader and was given due prominence in that august and fair-minded journal.

The writer of the letter, a Mr. Charles A. Singler, was trying to prove that America should emulate Switzerland and remain neutral in all wars. To buttress his argument he wrote :—

> "America, the most powerful nation on earth, which whipped Germany and Japan virtually single-handed, lives in fear and trembling of the monster that she herself has built up."

Now if I had read that letter in 1949 I would have drawn my pen from its scabbard, and the ink would have spilled in all directions. But now I am able to see Mr. Singler's point of view and understand why the Colonel gave such prominence to it.

When we were being bombed in 1940 any of the German aeroplanes might have got lost and mistaken New York for London. We didn't take all the risks. As for driving Rommel out of the desert, was it not possible that he thought the British troops were really the Americans? And

how do we know that the Russians actually held the German Army and then drove it back until we were all ready for the kill. Perhaps the Germans just retreated to lure them on.

It has been well said that history is a fable agreed upon. Mr. Singler and the Colonel have agreed upon their fable and I am not going to criticise them for it. In fact, I send them both my kindest wishes, and if by mischance either of them breaks his neck this year I hope he will have a fine day for it.

ANOTHER resolution was to be kind to Liberals. After all, hath not a Liberal eyes? Hath not a Liberal hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Conservative is?

But temptation again raised its ugly head. Mr. Edward Martell, Deputy Chairman of the Liberal Central Association, wrote a letter to one of our great morning newspapers in which he gave a list of ladies and gentlemen who could make up a competent Liberal Government.

Out came the wretched pen from its scabbard and off went this letter to the Editor :—

SIR :

Mr. Edward Martell's suggested Liberal Cabinet has all the charm of old lace without the arsenic. If only he can include the survivors of the original Florodora Sextet and then raise the banner "Forward to 1906" I see no reason why the Liberals should not sweep the country, or something.

Yours faithfully,
A. BEVERLEY BAXTER.

Carlton Club.

The moving finger writes and nothing can recall the evil that it does. To think that a resolution so buttressed by good will and kindly intent should have been cracked like an egg-shell before January had even learned to crawl about the nursery.

LET us be frank with ourselves. Irony is an enlivening affair, providing you are not its target, but it is a poor thing if it degenerates into sarcasm. The late Lord Birkenhead was not only a master of irony but knew how to combine it with rudeness—and get away with it. Once when he was a young barrister he kept arguing with the crotchety old judge in court until finally the judge leaned over threateningly and said: "Mr. Smith. Why do you think I am on this bench?"

F.E. bowed with grave humility. "Far be it from me, m'Lud, to enquire into the inscrutable ways of Providence."

One cannot help liking the great Duke of Wellington's snub to a Mr. Robinson who bore some physical resemblance to him. At a reception Mr. Robinson elbowed his way to the great man and told him that he, Robinson, was often taken for the Duke.

"That's odd," said Wellington, "I cannot remember ever being taken for you."

But it is better to be kind, far, far better. Kindness is a flower that distils its perfume on the desert air and touches the senses with the ecstasy of beauty. And are there not the fine flowerings of the mind? Yet candour compels me to admit that just as one grows weary of water as a drink and turns to the product of the grape or barley, so conversation that has no sting can be very, very soporific.

I have the greatest respect for the Moral Re-armament Movement, a sincere respect, and I wish it well. But a couple of years ago I dined at Washington with some tough old friends who had become Oxford Groupers, and although they smiled out of the goodness of their hearts I was aware that my intellect was starving in the midst of plenty.

For what it is worth, my idea of a goodly men's dinner would be with Brendan Bracken, Lord Winster, Leslie Hore-Belisha, Harold Macmillan and Lord Brabazon. I doubt if even the Angel Gabriel would emerge unscathed from that collection of misanthropic philosophers and engaging wits.

After all, we were not given minds to be content with nothing more than "Mary had a little lamb." Mary and her lamb must be classed with Little Nell, and Agnes, and Bertha the little boiler maker. . . Sweet virtuous creatures all, but with the exception of the *lamb*, not quite perfect dinner companions.

THEN let me complete my report on good resolutions by declaring that, being of sound mind and firm purpose, I intend to lose gracefully at all forms of indoor and outdoor competitive sports. If my opponent at golf slices a ball which ricochets off a tree on to the green I shall permit myself nothing more than a friendly remark such as: "The woods are charming about these parts, aren't they?" or a witty play on words to the effect that sometimes you can't reach the wood for the trees.

In fact I have formed a small and select group called "The Sunshine Club" of which I am the President and Honorary Treasurer. It involves those of us who play golf, bridge, gin-rummy and canasta on such occasions as affairs of state permit. Any member of the Sunshine Club who wishes to utter a lament or to rail against the gods can do so by paying half-a-crown to any other member of the Club, who is thereby constrained to give a sympathetic hearing. If, however, the lament or railing exceeds a reasonable length the listener may, at his discretion, demand payment of a further half-crown. At the end of each month all sums are to be remitted to the President and Hon. Treasurer.

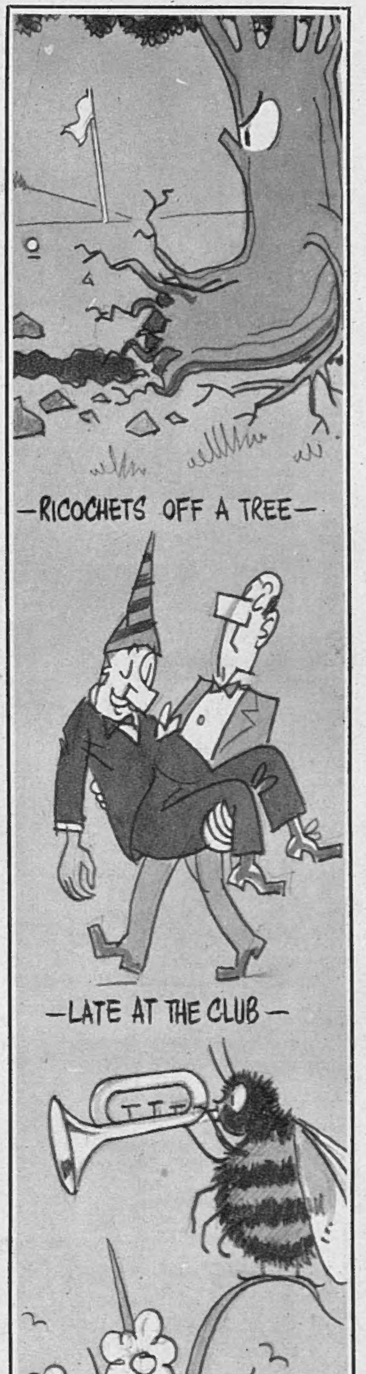
There is no reason why this "Sunshine Club" idea should be confined to games. It is unlikely that among the readers of *The Sketch* there are any married couples whose differences of opinion go further than whether they will have a white or a red wine for dinner. But if by chance or the law of average there is a wife who is inclined to ask her husband why he must tell the same story every time he dines out, or wonder audibly why he need spill cigarette ash on his waistcoat, or reprimand him for staying so late at the Club—then why not a sunshine club? A really active nagging wife at half-a-crown a time ought to pay Ladbroke's weekly account for those other nags.

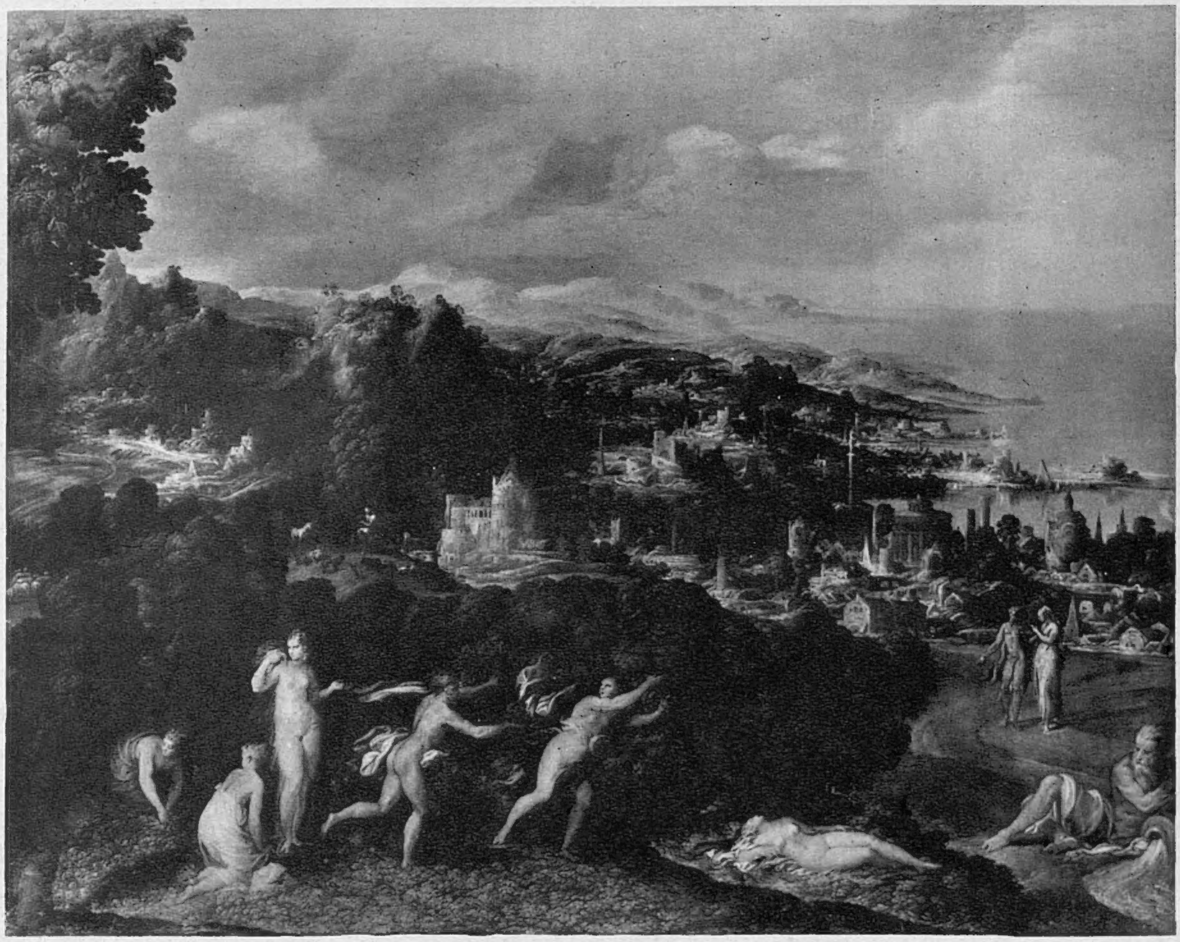
AND now I must end with one final suggestion that ought to be helpful. Most of us have a classic of literature or biography that we intend to read but never quite get the time. It may be Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Bacon's Essays or *Madame Bovary* or the Liberal Party manifesto—in fact it might be anything. My unfulfilled task is *Paradise Lost*, which I have been reading for years, but at such protracted intervals that I forget the plot and have to go back to the beginning.

Now, however, I have found a device which is working admirably. I keep *Paradise Lost* by the telephone in the study, and whenever I dial "T.O.L." or "T.E.L." I take up Milton's masterpiece and plough steadily forward. There is something soothing and attractive about the one-two one-two one-two sound of the telephone signal as it goes on and on like the music of the bees on a summer afternoon. Here at last there is a drowsy content, a feeling of having escaped, if only for an hour, or an hour and a half, from the jingle-jangle of modern mechanised life.

This idea only occurred to me on New Year's Day, and already I am nearly through the great epic. Two more toll calls and I shall be able to move on to Plutarch's Lives.

Beverley Baxter





THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE

IT must indeed be gratifyin to Sir Gerald Kelly to star his Presidency of the Roy Academy by seeing the interes which is being taken in the Exhibition, "Landscape in French Art : 1550-1900," o view now at Burlington Hous until March 5.

The pictures are largel from private collections i England, and they include som lent by Their Majesties th King and Queen.

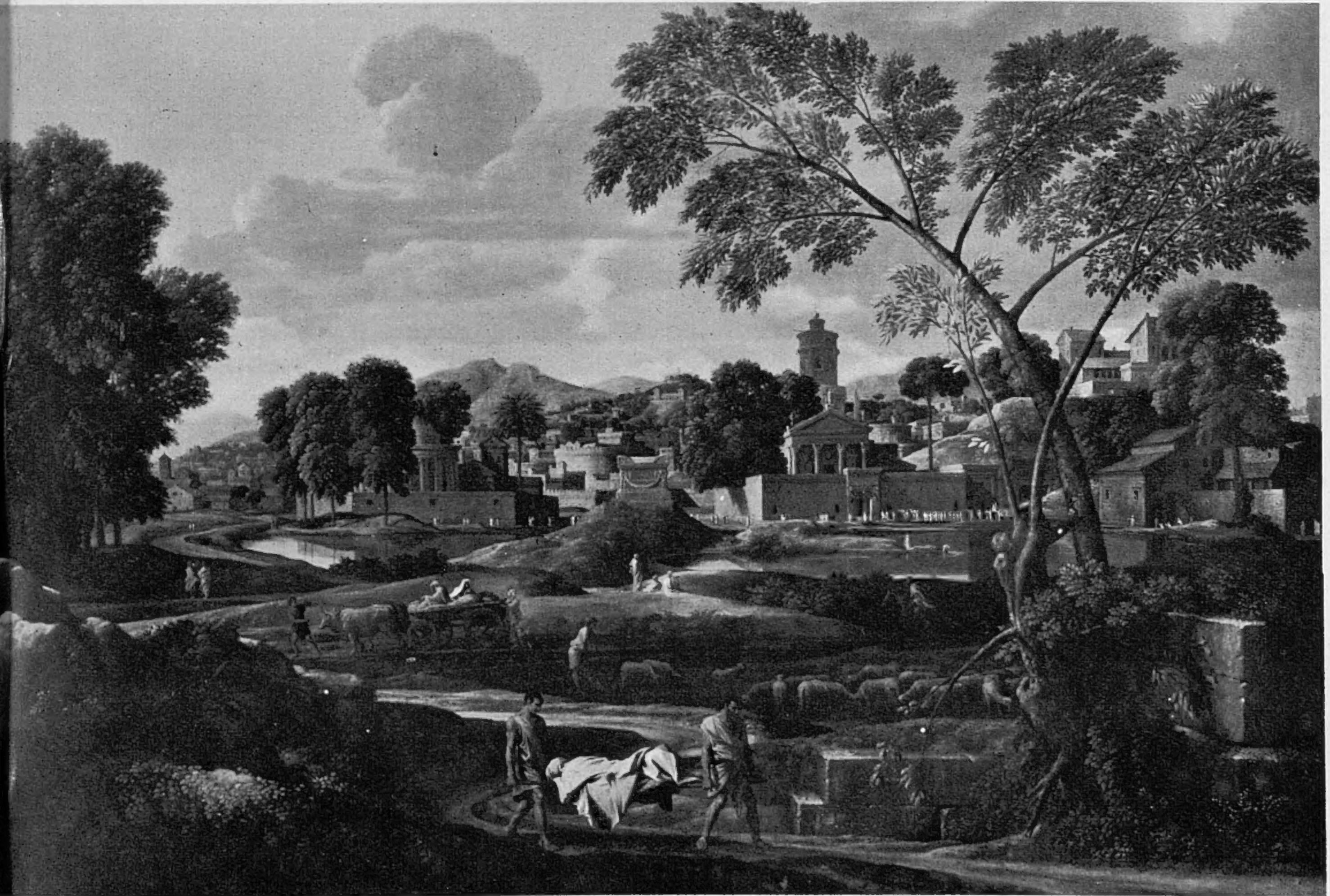
The exhibition offers th finest examples of those tw great landscape painters of th seventeenth century, Claud and Poussin.

Sir Gerald Kelly has chose for us six of his favourites We are particularly glad h chose *The Rock*, by Monet because of the interestin story behind it.

The Death of Eurydice, by Niccolo dell'Abbate (*c.* 1512-1570), lent by the National Gallery. This picture hung neglected and unnoticed for 200 years in Margam Castle, in Wales. In 1942 it was bought for the nation and is, in Sir Gerald Kelly's opinion, one of the finest acquisitions made recently by the National Art Collections Fund.

Orpheus and Eurydice, by Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), lent by the Louvre, Paris. This is possibly Sir Gerald's favourite picture ; he says that th whole atmosphere, particularly that of the figures in the foreground, gives an impression of listening to music which they alone can hear.

The Gathering of the Ashes of Phocion (above), lent by the Earl of Derby, and *The Body of Phocion Carried out of Athens* (below), lent by the Earl of Plymouth. These two pictures by Poussin were considered in his day to be the finest of his works. They have not been hung together in the same room since the beginning of the eighteenth century.

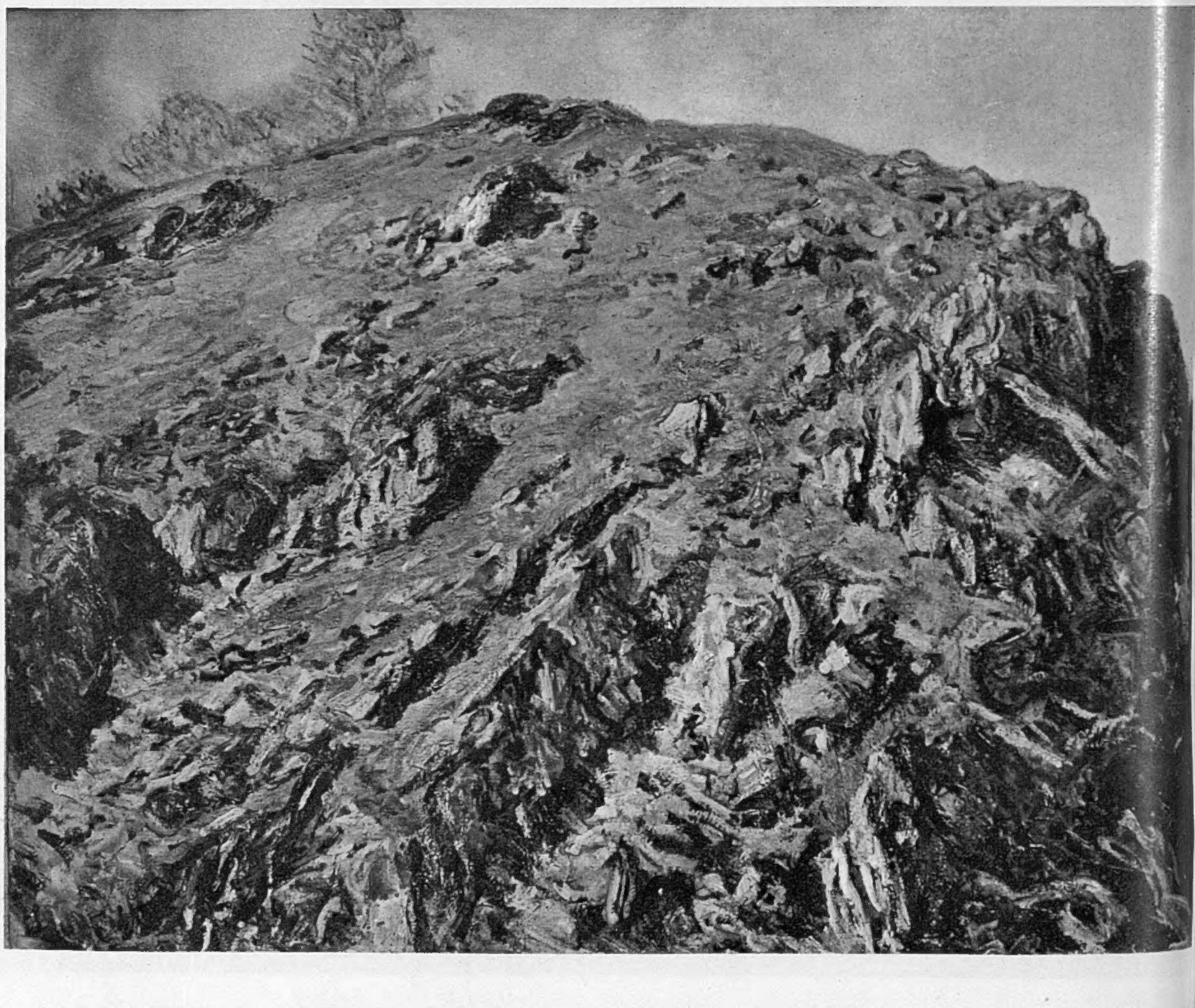


(Continued overleaf)

(Above.) *The Embarkation for Cythera*, by Watteau (1684-1721), lent through the Kultus-Minister of Hesse, was formerly in the Imperial German Collection and has never before been out of Germany. It is insured for 2,000,000 Swiss francs—about £165,000.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE

(Continued)



(Right.) *The Rock*, by Claude Monet (1840-1926), lent by H.M. the Queen. Monet gave this picture to his very dear friend, Clemençeau. During the 1914-18 war, it was hung exactly opposite his desk so that whenever he looked up from his work he saw the painting. Did the artist see a resemblance between the rock and the great statesman ?

At the TV mike, Alexandra Palace.

In her Sussex cottage with her trio of daughters, Jemima, Lucy and Annabel.

MARY MALCOLM AT WORK AND AT HOME

KNOWN to thousands of Television-viewers is the frank smile and attractive voice of programme-announcer Mary Malcolm. Granddaughter of the celebrated Lily Langtry, whose beauty she inherits, she was born in Argyll, and gained a considerable amount of stage, screen and broadcasting experience before joining the staff of the B.B.C. in 1942. Her voice soon became familiar to Home and Overseas listeners, and in 1944 she was appointed Overseas Presentation Assistant, in which post she remained until she joined the Television Service in January 1948. Besides announcing every sort of studio programme, she has taken part in outside broadcasts such as interviewing mothers and children in Kensington Gardens. In private life Mary Malcolm—daughter of the late Sir Ian Malcolm—is the wife of Sir Basil Bartlett, Bt., of the Intelligence Corps, who is both author and playwright. They have a delightful cottage at Lavant, near Chichester, where they spend all their spare time with their three little daughters.

Photographed by GEORGE KONIG.

And with her husband : Lieut.-Colonel Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett among their books at Lavant.

Candid Cameo

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

By Stephen Watts

WHEN the telephone rings at three o'clock in the morning in his London house, Douglas Fairbanks expects trouble. The chances are that the call is from the United States, that the caller is a reporter, and that the story he is after is concerned, *au fond*, with his newspaper's belief that Fairbanks is excessively pro-British. To certain elements on both sides of the Atlantic any man whose possessions include an American passport and a British Order of knighthood is bound to be suspect.

With Fairbanks there is no question of divided loyalties. Anglo-American relations (a phrase he never uses, regarding it as abused out of recognition) have occupied much of his life, but that they should constitute a " problem ", has always been mysterious to him. But ignorance and prejudice exist, and as he believes them to be the barriers against the accord which seems to him natural and necessary, he will talk, write, confer, sit on committees, organise or (I imagine) stand on his head if there is a chance that such activities are going to promote understanding. At forty, his position in both of the principal English-speaking countries—or poised between them—is strong, but far from impregnable.

The mid-Atlantic character is inevitably a hybrid, and all Fairbanks's experience has combined with his inclinations to shape him as he is to-day. His accent is uncorrupted American, but there was a time when rather implausible broad " a's " crept into it. His clothes are very English by American standards, but to the British eye there is a hint of exaggeration about them which is very American. His cigarettes are American, but they come from a dignified shop in Old Bond Street. His palate remains American enough to make him extremely dubious about English coffee. He loves antiquity and tradition in English things, but is quite capable of sitting at breakfast (as I have seen him do) in old, panelled rooms in St. James's, relishing the story that Nell Gwynn once lodged there, thrilled that his windows overlook the mellow brickwork of a Royal palace with red-coated sentries—and scooping strawberry jam on to his toast to eat with his eggs-and-bacon, the while discussing knowledgeably the intricacies of the modern commerce of film-selling.

It was because his parents parted when he was a small boy that he spent so much of his early life in Europe. His education was eccentric; military school in America mingling with art studies in Paris. He had had a commendation for exhibited sculpture and was reading philosophy at a time when he was still counting on his fingers. Energetic and athletic—inevitably, in view of his paternal parentage—his contrary ambition was to be a pale, long-haired Left Bank æsthete. In this, as in other things, he was rebelling against strong forces. Although he admired his famous father, he wanted to be as unlike him as possible. He recognises now that the basic fear was of falling short in comparison. Similarly, he shrank away from ambitions of power and wealth because he had been brought up in admiring awe of his maternal grandfather, Daniel J. Sully, cotton king and Wall Street magnate. The Sully fortunes had dwindled and Mrs. Fairbanks's funds for her expatriate life in Europe were slender so, as she had no experience of restricted living, there were frequent crises. Not given to wisecracks, Fairbanks has a stock one to describe the economics of his early life. " I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth," he says, " but it was tarnished."

The event which changed his life came out of the blue Californian sky. It was an invitation to go back and act in films at a very attractive salary. His mother never doubted that the offer arose from the natural brilliance of her boy. Both were quickly and humiliatingly disillusioned. The films in which the fourteen-year-old was to appear were designed purely to exploit his famous name. The money was the only good thing about this venture, except that the shock caused the boy to shed most of his incipient dilettantism and stiffen within him a resolution to " make good " in the solid American sense. At fifteen (though looking considerably older) he was back in pictures, not as a star, but earning the appropriate 'prentice wages and learning to do the job which was to be the backbone of his career.

It was with the original *Dawn Patrol* with Richard Barthelmess that Fairbanks became a film star. He was twenty-one and there followed one of the boom periods of his life. It was in this period that his reconciliation with his father became complete and they formed a friendship which was more like that of two adults than of father and son. With his father he travelled in Europe and set out on new lines for himself.

In the next few years he was as much in England as in America. He made his first appearance on the British stage with Gertrude Lawrence. He formed his own film production company. And he began that work which, years later, was to lead to a private audience with the King from which he emerged a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. It began very casually. He was interested in world affairs. He was gregarious. He loved to be with men engaged in momentous matters. From old family associations, he knew the Roosevelts. He knew Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles. From that grew acquaintance with the men at the head of affairs in other countries. By the time the crescendo of events had carried Britain into war and Fairbanks was trying to get into the R.N.V.R., he had proved of sufficient value for Washington metaphorically to tap him on the shoulder and suspend his naval ambitions. He could be of more use in other ways.

The rest is recent history. In the U.S. Naval Reserve, sometimes with his own countrymen, sometimes with joint forces (he was with Mountbatten in Combined Operations), he saw action with convoys to Malta and Murmansk, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy (Anzio and Salerno), and in the landings in the South of France. He collected seventeen decorations and he is proud that they included his own country's Legion of Merit and Silver Star, our D.S.C., and the Legion of Honour and Croix de Guerre from the French.

It was 1946 before he was an actor again. I wrote a harsh review of his first film, *Sinbad the Sailor*. In a letter, he belatedly disarmed me by saying, " When I finally got back into mufti and faced a herd of foot-tapping creditors I definitely was in the mood for compromise." A reasonable man, which is remarkable in a film star.

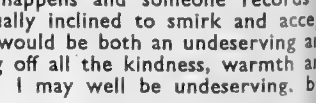
But for unusual good looks and the flashing, white smile, you might not look twice at Fairbanks in the street. Coming out of one of his two London clubs, White's and Buck's, Eden-hatted, dark-red-carnationed, he might never have leapt from a balcony to a saddle in his life. But the adventurous spirit is there, even if it tends to take the form of braving three-o'clock-in-the-morning interviews with news-hawks not inclined to be charitable to a man who not merely thinks Anglo-American amity at all levels would be a good thing, but actually tries to do something about it.

★

Who . . . Me?

BIOGRAPHIES, like histories, are islands of fact surrounded by opinions, and when that sea of comment is even moderately rough, there is an immediate search for methods of retaliation. Among more southerly cultures there is recourse to swords or pistols, or perhaps a nocturnal stiletto. In our less romantic communities we appeal to the courts or the more directly satisfying punch on the nose.

Nevertheless, when the opposite happens and someone records a flattering reference, the subject is usually inclined to smirk and accept the compliments in his stride. But it would be both an undeserving and unfeeling person who could thus shrug off all the kindness, warmth and friendship I have always known here. I may well be undeserving, but I am certainly not unfeeling, and that Stephen Watts should weigh his comments about me so generously is just one more good reason to feel about things the way I do.



FAIRBANKS: UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN.

OLIVIER'S NEW DISCOVERY

HEATHER STANNARD will appear with Sir Laurence Olivier in Christopher Fry's new modern-verse comedy, *Venus Observed*, due to open to-night, January 18, at the St. James's Theatre. She has the part of Perpetua, a young girl; and the setting is an English country house at the present time. Mr. Fry originally wrote the part for Vivien Leigh, who is, however, busy in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Miss Stannard is twenty-one; it is her first big West End part. She has played small rôles at Stratford, but it was in the part of Rosalind in the Windsor Repertory's *As You Like It* that Olivier first saw her. [Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.]

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary.)

DEC. 30.
Here 's a cheery party at the U.S. Naval Officers' dance at Hyde Park Hotel—Mrs. A. B. Lingar, Lt.-Cdr. W. Denny, Mrs. Wells, Lt. H. Easler, Mrs. Denny, Dr. Wells, Mrs. Warden, Mrs. Easler, Lt.-Cdr. Lingar, Mrs. Goolsby, Lt. G. Warden. The room became festooned with streamers as night wore on.

DEC. 30.
L. to r.: Capt. Buchanan, Miss Blaikley, Miss Wood and Mr. Bryens at the H.A.C. Annual New Year's Eve Ball at Armoury House. Round about eighty guests danced till 2.30 a.m., and in the Court Room, backed by pikes, armour and trophies, was a well-patronised champagne bar.

DEC. 30.
Decorously, demurely, the Chelsea Arts Ball anticipated New Year's Day a day ahead of schedule. Round a gigantic cardboard weathercock a sea of gala-dressed dancers gyrated. Eighty tough Rugger players, matelot-dressed, kept order. Balloons floated up into the spotlight of arc-lamps; dancers had space to swirl. Left: Miss B. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Right: Mr. Derek Adams, Baroness von Tschirschky, Mrs. Adams, and Baron von Tschirschky.

DEC. 31.
At Hurst Park a Royal and popular occasion, when Monaveen, owned jointly by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, won the first Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase in sparkling style with Tony Grantham up. Jumping faultlessly, he came home six lengths ahead of Freebooter, second, with Klaxton third. The betting 10 to 1. The prize £2328. Princess Elizabeth was present, and not only herself but the crowd was thrilled with the result, and showed it. A great fillip for our robust national sport of steeplechasing. On left, the open ditch, with Monaveen (left) and Wot No Sun, A. P. Thompson up. After the race the winner became favourite for the "National."

(Continued overleaf.

JAN. 3.
The Bicester and Warden Hill Pony Club met at Tusmore Park, Lord Bicester's seat. In the large number of entries a noticeable feature was that girls predominated, but here, l. to r.: Anthony Haynes, who won the Cup for the best rider, and David Pearson, the runner-up.

JAN. 4.
The Hambledon Open and Pony Club Hunter Trials held at Ashton Farm, Bishops Waltham, near Winchester. Noted Brigadier M. W. W. and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, Cdr. and Mrs. Warden Gilchrist. Here, competing on Vodka, is Mrs. J. A. Spring.

JAN. 4.
As well as their offspring, parents had good fun at children's party at the Savoy held for good cause of raising funds for Invalid Children's Aid Association. There was lots to divert: Father Christmas in shape of Mr. Duncan Rider, dispensed presents; Ronald Frankau conducted balloon-blowing contest for babies. On left: Lady Elliot joked with Colonel Abel-Smith and his small daughter Carolyn. Right: the chute, with Diana Hamer and Count Yann de Trevou on verge of practice slide; and Mrs. Hamer, Diana's mother. Many diplomatic fathers and mothers and their children included those of Swedish and Dutch military and air attachés.

JAN. 6.
At the Pytchley Hunt Ball—one of the gayest since the war—over 400 guests danced to Maurice Winnick's band till 3 a.m. It was held at Holdenby House, Northampton—fine Elizabethan manor owned by Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther. He and his son are joint-Masters of the hunt. Three bars, plenty of champagne, and a gourmet's midnight supper refreshed the dancers, with breakfast later. Right: the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, the Hon. Mrs. R. J. Hardy, Major Macdonald-Buchanan, Major Peter Brooke. Left: Mrs. David Bune and the Hon. Thomas Hazlerigg. Some very lovely jewels were to be seen, noticeably the diamond and sapphire necklace and earrings of Lady Northampton.

SKETCH

DATE-BOOK

JAN. 6.
Lots of county people danced at the Cottesmore Hunt Ball, held at Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Station, Cottesmore. In the picture, Capt. G. W. Barker, Mrs. C. H. Hoare—note her amusing sleeves, elbow to wrist.

JAN. 6.
Two yachting people who've sailed together in big events for several seasons were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street—Mr. Douglas Howden Hume, son of Mr. James Howden Hume, and Miss June Spriggs, daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Spriggs, of 35, Grosvenor Square.

JAN. 6.
Surrey Union Hunt Ball, held at Dorking Hall, Dorking, and a big and cheerful crowd present in big parties. Here are Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Huggett, hosts when the hunt met, New Year's Eve, at their home, Hurstwood House, Holmbury St. Mary.

JAN. 7.
At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Jnr. Cdr. Christine Davidson, W.R.A.C., of Evelyn Gardens, S. Kensington, married Major Peter Tindal-Carill-Worsley, R.A. Bridegroom is son of the late Mr. Philip Tindal-Carill-Worsley, of East Carleton, Norfolk.

JAN. 7.
The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present at a party for coming-of-age of Edmund Brudenell, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brudenell, at Deene Park, Northampton. (Left) Lord Blandford and Miss Jane Findlay, favourite dancing partner.

JAN. 9.
Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland the Countess of Erroll, and her husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, danced a reel during a Scandinavian "Night" dance in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. Six hundred guests were present.

[Continued overleaf.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Abroad)

DEC. 31.
New York brought in the New Year in traditionally festive manner in Times Square, and at the fashionable Sherry-Netherlands Hotel H.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and ex-King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia were dancing. Close by, the famous Stork Club was packed.

JAN. 1.
From San Juan, Porto Rico, comes this snapshot, showing guests at the free-form pool of San Juan's new, expensive Caribo Hilton Hotel, watching a high-diving exhibition. Blasted out of coral rock, the oversized pool is filled with sea-water, changed automatically every four hours.

JAN. 1.
New Year's Day brings photograph of newlymarrieds honeymooning in Honolulu—Clark Gable and wife, formerly Lady Stanley of Alderley. Gripped by the spirit of the exotic isle, Gable wore a shirt baroquely floreate ; both their necks were garlanded with scented flowers.

JAN. 7.
Here's a familiar figure, with cigar—the only Royal Academician Extraordinary in the U.K. He's a work of art himself. Mr. Churchill was making headway with a painting of a paintable red-roofed town in Madeira—Camara de Lobos. Could anything be neater, more meticulous, than his box of paints? Mrs. Churchill was somewhere in the neighbourhood.

JAN. 10.
James Mason, with young Mexican Robert Espinosa, was making a new picture, Death on a Side Street, *when he was snapped on the set in Hollywood's celluloid city. His next picture,* Pandora and the Flying Dutchman, *is due to begin production in April in Spain ; its later scenes will be shot in England.*

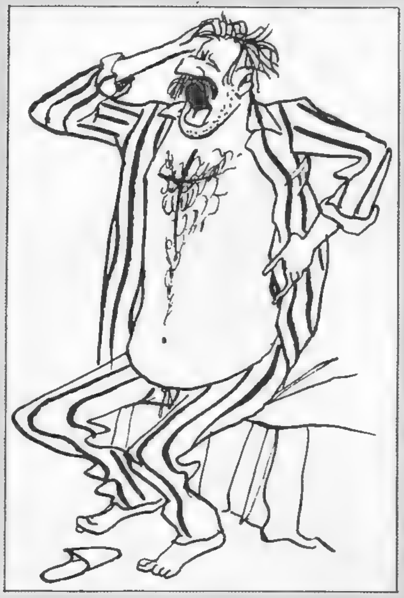
SUPPLEMENT TO DATE-BOOK

OR

THE PICTURES WE DON'T SEE

Drawn by Ray Chesterton.

Staff ball at Stagnanton.—Lady Felicity Stagnanton being assisted to her table after enjoying a samba at the Stagnanton Castle Staff ball.



Dancing at Rigworthy.—Capt. the Hon. John Nettlebunch on the morning after the Rigworthy Hunt Ball.

Pictures in Paris.—Lord Backslope admiring Gracious Paruado's impressionistic portrait of his wife, Lady Thermos, now on view in Paris.

Quiet Week-End.—Sir John and Lady Everqueue's quiet week-end at their country cottage in Berkshire.

An actor in Henley.—Peter Windragon, the actor, has taken a cottage at Henley, which he enjoys managing himself.

Proof-reading in Purley.—Professor Chatterbunk busy with the proofs of his new book, *Graceful Living*, at his home in Purley.

A writer at home.—Mrs. Pamela Hankwool (Vera Strongfellow, the novelist) at work on her new book, *Random Reflections*

THE THEATRE

"CASTLE IN THE AIR."

It is also a castle in Scotland—name of Locharne—and, so we gather, a grim sight externally, in the prickliest Scottish Baronial. Inside, thanks to the setting by Michael Weight, it could hardly be more agreeable, and we have to struggle to imagine the horrors of the Macduff Room—somewhere in a distant wing—where Mr. Phillips, of the National Coal Board, catches his glorious cold. "Catches" may be wrong: it leaps upon him with a roar. I have rarely seen a more satisfying cold on any stage, and it is hard to believe that William Kendall, its owner, can ever face one in private life without a minute-gun sneeze. Alan Melville, whose castle in the air is by now a firmly-based Adelphi success, has enjoyed himself with this Mr. Phillips. The fellow wants to requisition Locharne for the Coal Board, an idea which hardly delights the Earl. The estate needs money, and an engaging American woman is ready to buy the place for a very tidy sum. There is no doubt which of the proposals is the happier. We know at once who will get Locharne, just as we can guess what will happen at the end of the third act to the Earl himself and his charming secretary, "Boss" Trent.

Here plot does not come first. There is enough of it; but we are far more concerned with the glitter of Mr. Melville's wit, the stab of his repartee. The laughs press upon each other. Indeed, it is difficult to recall a recent première at which the audience has laughed more freely and continuously. The cast finds the style for the dialogue. Jack Buchanan, as the "last of the Locharnes," has a comedian's slippery tongue: he never dallies or falters. All is smooth and precisely timed. So, too, with Coral Browne. Unlike some players, she never seems to be acting with a split mind, anxiously thinking ahead. Irene Manning deals decoratively with the American; Ewan Roberts strokes along for us the large Scots teddy-bear who is the domestic staff of Locharne; and Mr. Kendall comes sneezing through. I fancy that *Castle in the Air* will appear on a good many stages during its theatrical life. One set, a cast of five, and more wit than is reasonable in a single play—here 's treasure for the taking; though, after the General Election, Mr. Melville may have to revise some of his dialogue. Several of the jokes are topical, and without a certain adjustment the play might sound like a period piece. Not that it matters. Most people will enjoy an evening in Locharne. The castle (as another dramatist observed) has a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses.

"BONAVENTURE."

Unlike Mr. Melville, Miss Charlotte Hastings has gone to town on her plot. I imagine that she spent many strenuous hours in fitting the pieces together. Certainly the result of her toil is a well-made play that we cannot despise as an example of theatrical

"BONAVENTURE."—Mary Kerridge as Sarat Carn, Colin Douglas as Melling, Fay Compton as Sister Mary and Ballard Berkeley as Dr. Jeffreys, in the unusual play about a nun who solves a murder mystery.

J. C. TREWIN

craft. Miss Hastings, I am sure, has an answer for everything; the trouble is that she seems to have given more time to construction than to character. Her play develops one or two exciting moments—the end of the first act, for example—but for most of the evening we are rather uncomfortably aware of the author at work with the pieces and the paste. We are usually on the outside looking in, rarely within the convent itself. Still the story has power, and undeniably it moved the Vaudeville's first-night gallery, though the rapture here seemed as excessive as the applause at, say, *Before the Party*, was inadequate.

The end of the first act does hold the memory. Its effect survived even an accident with the curtain, which stuck after getting two-thirds of the way down. Nobly, the cast remained motionless, and the danger passed. The scene is the convent of a French nursing order in East Anglia. Floods have swamped the lowlands and barred the way to Norwich, and villagers and benighted travellers seek the convent on higher ground. The travellers include three bound for Norwich gaol—a woman convicted of murder and her two attendants, on their way back after the failure of an appeal. The revelation on the first night came as a genuine theatrical thrust.

After this the play lags while Sister Bonaventure, the hospital matron, who believes in the innocence of the convicted woman, conducts her own private inquiry into the murder. Matters rise again to a theatrical climax, and this—coupled with the performances of Fay Compton and Mary Kerridge—drew the final cheering. Miss Compton acts with all her radiance, and Miss Kerridge has an exciting nervous force. Some of the other playing, like the piece, is queerly up-and-down; but it is an evening with one or two heartening qualities.

"MURDER AT THE VICARAGE."

Colonel Protheroe must have been the terror of the village. When his body, neatly shot, is found at the Vicar's desk, you are at liberty to pick almost anyone in the cast as a possible murderer. By the end of the evening you probably will have picked everyone. Its cunning as a puzzle-play is the one thing to recommend this piece, adapted by Moie Charles and Barbara Toy from the Agatha Christie novel. True, there is some satisfactory acting by Barbara Mullen (local spinster) and Reginald Tate (local artist); but, for the rest, there is little to occupy us except the problem. Much of the performance is just adequate, and in any event, the people are there only as stage properties. If you like this type of play (and we have had few lately) you will find it a competent example: it serves its purpose, and in time, no doubt, it will be acted by the less adventurous companies all over the place. Meanwhile, who killed Colonel Protheroe, and why? Brush up your crime at the Playhouse.

"MURDER AT THE VICARAGE."—Barbara Mullen as Miss Marple, Jack Lambert as the Rev. Leonard Clement, Betty Sinclair (kneeling) as Mary, and Andrea Lea as Lettice Protheroe, trying to answer the pressing problem: "Who killed the Colonel?"

SHOWS IN BRIEF

AUSTIN MELFORD, CYRIL SMITH, DORIS ROGERS, LUPINO LANE.

"ME AND MY GIRL" (Winter Garden).—Free-and-easy, go-as-you-pleasy. Back to the Lambeth Walk, with Lupino Lane and the old routine.

JOHN BYRON, CAROL MARSH.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Mercury).—The Beast is a mediæval Prince; Beauty is an Early Victorian maiden. Nicholas Stuart Gray's variation on the old tale has grace and invention, and it is acted in the right spirit by John Byron, Carol Marsh and Hugh Pryse.

JULIA FLAXMAN, GWEN NELSON, NELLIE BOWMAN, HAROLD GOODWIN, DENYS BLAKELOCK.

"THE SILVER CURLEW" (Arts).—This should reappear annually. Eleanor Farjeon has put "Rumpelstiltskin" into a Norfolk setting, and the result—plus Clifton Parker's music—is a fantasy with a charm that should not be wasted on a brief holiday season.

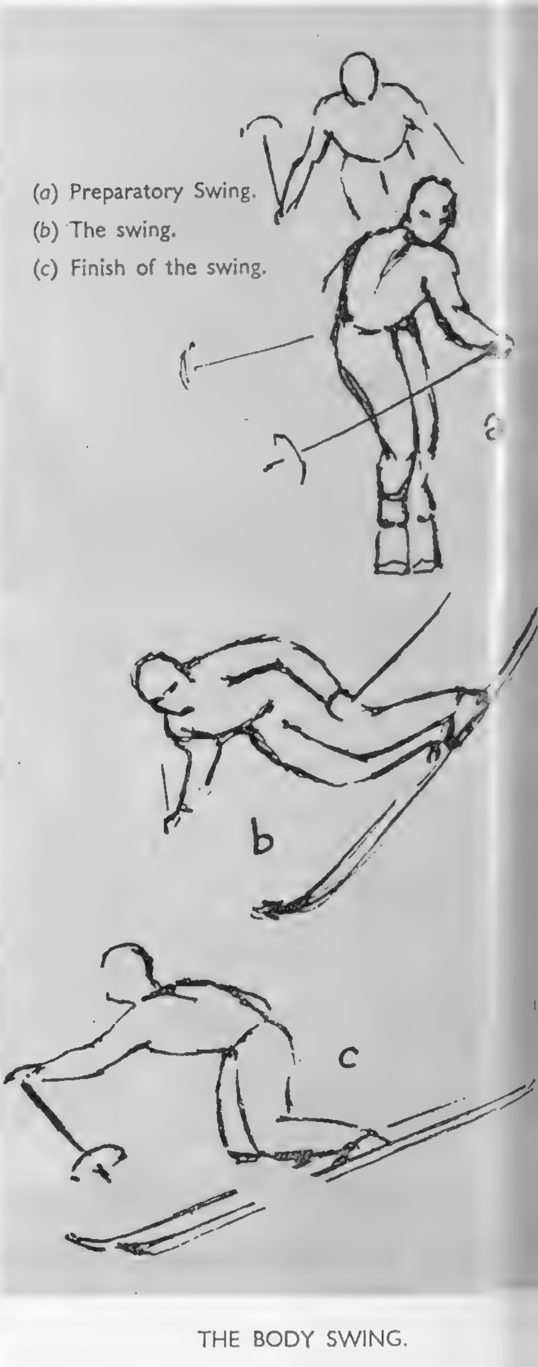
One way of climbing deep, soft snow is the "herringbone walk." These boys of Macclesfield School are learning the art from instructor Oscar Kalbermatten.

The high altitude of Saas-Fee and some strenuous ski-ing gives one a ravenous appetite. Ian Symington and Barry Edwards, of Eastbourne School, are served late dinner by Amacker Gritly.

SWITZERLAND CALLING ALL SCHOOLS

FOR the second year running some fifteen British schoo have sent pupils for organised winter-sports t Switzerland, and, despite the devaluation of the £, a cost very little above that of last year. Organise by Lunn's, working in co-operation with Swiss Hote Association, the boys and girls are thoroughly enjoyin their holidays, and are having expert tuition in ski-in Many who went last year have received "expert stars for efficiency in ski-ing. The biggest number went t Saas-Fee, one of the lesser-known resorts, but ver beautiful. Here eighty-two boys and girls from six schoo have made a venturesome journey to reach Valais, i the Zermatt district : a rail journey of fourteen hour then a hair-raising coach climb from Stalden to Saa Grund by a series of continuous hairpin bends, and s up to the 6000-ft. location of Saas-Fee, through bitin blizzards to blazing sunshine. The hotel- and pension keepers make the boys and girls completely at hom The boys are from the Haberdashers' School, the King' School, Macclesfield, Eastbourne, Berkhamsted and Ryd schools, and the girls from the Central School, Macclesfiel

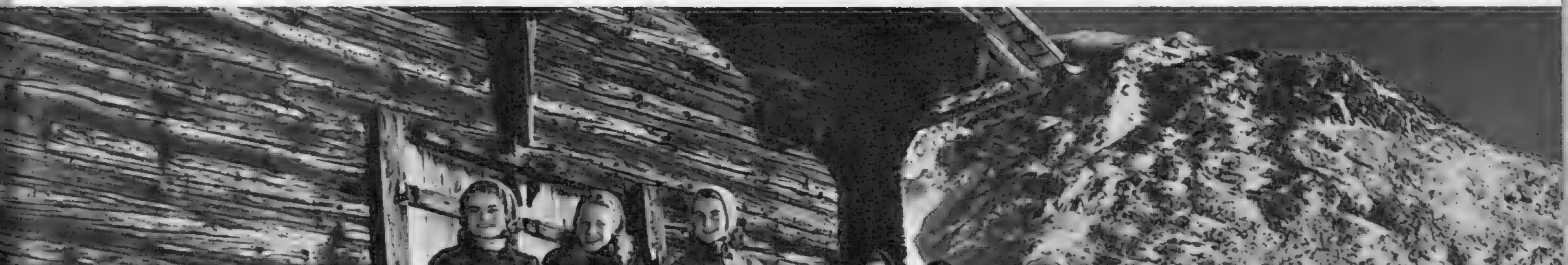
Drawings from "Ski-ing Simplified," by Arnold Fawcus (Faber and Faber



THE BODY SWING.

Advanced members of the Macclesfield Schools come down the slopes in veteran style. On right, a typical châlet of the Valais district.

(*Right.*) Finish of the Stem Christiania turn.



Enjoying a breather after a morning of strenuous ski-ing, girls of Macclesfield Central Girls' School perch on the verandah of a store châlet to bask in brilliant sunshine after a day-long blizzard.

PEGGY ASHCROFT.

(LEFT) ANN HOGARTH, WHO PULLS THE STRINGS. (RIGHT) ANNETTE MILLS.

BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

ANNETTE MILLS.

PEGGY ASHCROFT AND CAROL REED.

Above, reading clockwise:
Peggy Ashcroft, Rupert
Annette Mills, Carl

AT a gala luncheon-party at the Savoy Hotel on December 28, in a room flanked by TV equipment, glittering with arc lamps, the Editor of *The Sketch* made the second annual presentation of awards for special distinction in the fields of certain of the arts. Fortnightly over the past twelve months our experts have made their choice of outstanding figures in Literature, The Stage, The Screen, Radio and Television. These, finally crystallised in December into The Choice of the Year, were judged as follows—Literature : Rupert Croft-Cooke commended Oliver Onions for his novel *Arras*

PRESENTING "THE

Caricatur

THE RECIPIENTS TOAST ONE ANOTHER.

BERTA RUCK (MRS. OLIVER ONIONS)

CECIL McGIVERN.

CAROL REED.

ALAN MELVILLE.

CARLETON HOBBS.

...l Reed, Caroline Lejeune,
...ft-Cooke, Berta Ruck.
...Hobbs, Alan Melville.

...KETCH" TROPHIES

...Sherriffs

of Youth ; his wife, Berta Ruck, deputising for her husband, received the trophy. The Stage trophy was awarded to Peggy Ashcroft for her performance in *The Heiress* at the Haymarket ; the judge, J. C. Trewin. The Screen : C. A. Lejeune's high praise went to Carol Reed, whose brilliant direction of *The Third Man* won him the award. Radio : Carleton Hobbs was judged by Frederick Laws to be outstanding for his versatility in parts small or great. Television : Alan Melville acclaimed Annette Mills for establishing through her personality and charm TV's only star, Muffin the Mule.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . .

CHRISTINE PAYNE, for being Britain's youngest star magician.

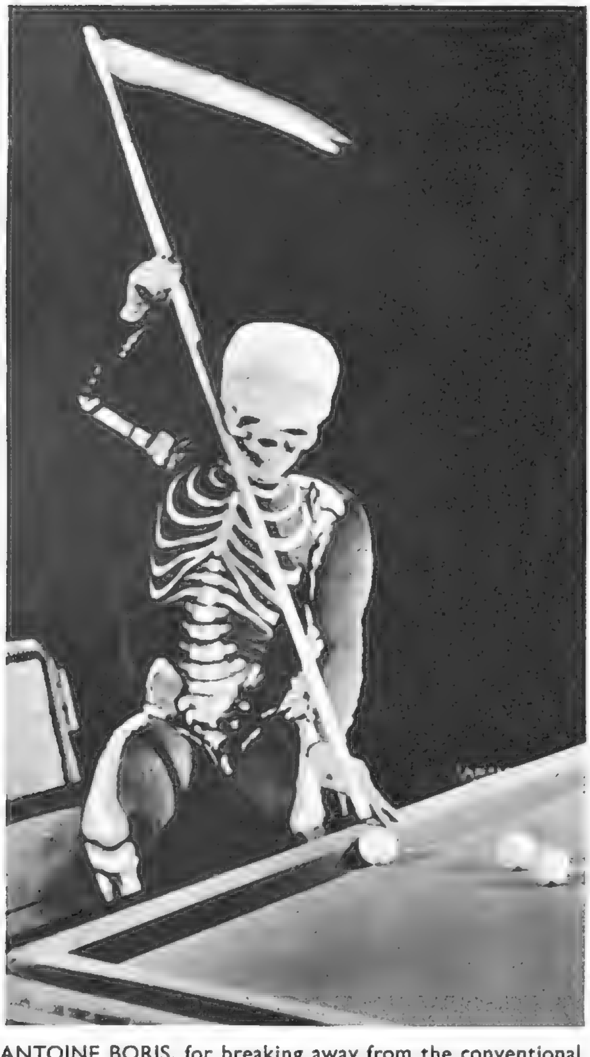
NORA JOHNSTON, for stepping-up the yield with her "Music While You Milk" programmes.

BLUE-EYED and golden-haired, little Christine Payne of Brighton claims to be Britain's youngest magician. Since her aunt took her to see the Regency Magical Society a year ago she has never looked back, and after much practice on domestic audiences she is now, at six years old, the star turn at concerts all over Sussex. Card tricks are her speciality, but because her hands are so small, she uses a specially-made miniature pack.

MUSIC at Milking Time seems to be the explanation for the significant increase in milk yield from the cows at Manor Farm, Thorpe, Middlesex. The owner, Mr. Bertram Stone, has to thank Miss Nora Johnston, who plays to the herd on a home-made portable carillon of her own design, for this step-up in production.

WEARING in semi-darkness this ghastly get-up—a skull mask and luminous skeleton painted in phosphorescent paint on a tight black suit—Antoine Boris, the French billiard player, recently scared the wits out of his unsuspecting audience.

EACH winner of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's President's Putter tournament has a ball attached to the trophy by a silver band and chain. Latest to enjoy this honour is D. H. R. Martin, seen here (holding the putter handle) with the three semi-finalists, N. C. Selway (left), P. B. Lucas and J. Langley, at the Rye Golf Club, Sussex. Martin beat Lucas at the twenty-third hole.



ANTOINE BORIS, for breaking away from the conventional waistcoat-cum-sleeves-rolled-up uniform at the billiard table.

D. H. R. MARTIN (third from left), for adding another ball to the President's Putter.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

FRANKIE HOWERD

for being the Cockney Danny Kaye.

"LADIES and GentleMEN"—the familiar opening gambit heard around nine o'clock on Sunday evenings on the Light Programme—comes from this tall, burly, tousle-headed young man. Unheard-of less than three years ago, Howerd, after a series of early setbacks, has lately made a spectacular climb to radio fame in Variety Bandbox on a line of swift, endless patter. As a boy he wanted to be an actor ; tried to be a Carroll Levis discovery ; was refused a R.A.D.A. scholarship. In the Army he was turned down as a concert-party entertainer. But such was his persistence that the end of the war found him bringing laughter to British troops and civilians in the Occupied Zone, and it was at troop shows he learned the art of patter. Later an audition with B.B.C. producer Joy Russell-Smith put him on the map ; she was looking for something new for "Variety Bandbox"—and here it was, and is.

Photographed by CHRIS WARE.

TELEVISION . . .

THERE has been a fuss about the possible televising of an S O S. message. It was sure to come. All the regular headaches of sound radio will sooner or later transfer themselves to the heads available at the Alexandra Palace. Week's Good Causes, Fat Stock Prices, the education of the young and of the Forces, religious services and regional news—all these admirable functions of a great public institution will, or have, cast their shadows over your frivolous screen.

But I observe with interest that there has as yet been little agitation for the organisation of party political telecasts. Now, in the United States the last Presidential election was much pursued by candid tracking cameras. Very important political persons were watched being political in the hot and smoky hotel rooms in which the fate of the States is traditionally arranged. I suppose it can't happen here, but as I don't like politicians much I wish it could. The microphone gives the game away a bit, even when they have scripts and anxious producers to help them. But if we could only *see* them (preferably with a studio audience of hecklers) scratching their heads for a platitude or fidgeting their way towards a pompous peroration, it would avenge every poor devil of a reporter who has ever laboured to make sense or grammar out of a candidate's eve-of-the-poll recitation.

These malicious reflections were partly inspired by watching in Television Newsreel the distribution of *The Sketch* Trophies of the Year. Seeing yourself as that camera sees you is no small ordeal unless you are (*a*) beautiful or (*b*) rehearsed. There are certain Ministers of the Crown and Opposition Front Benchers who would be funnier than a panto' unscripted. But if I know my B.B.C. they would be pre-recorded, and somebody would 'vet' the cameramen's politics first. Oh, well—just another beautiful dream.

IS anything fresh breaking out in television to-day? My impression is that the answer is "No," but this is not a grumble altogether. The standard of achievement of TV here has always been very respectable and the difficulties at the production end are abominable. When you have got over the first happy hysteria of being a new viewer and the sad hangover which follows it, there are certain regular features and special occasions which gain a moderate but growing appreciation from you. The circus is a special delight, and the Children's Hour is the most consistent of the regulars.

I don't envy the people who have to choose films for children. You might think Disney was safe, but his chases terrify the young, and you might feel that you were on a good wicket with Indians and Cowboys. But I hear that my own none-too-timorous daughters could not cope with *Custer's Last Stand*, though a visiting child—"the bloodthirsty little ruffian"—loved it.

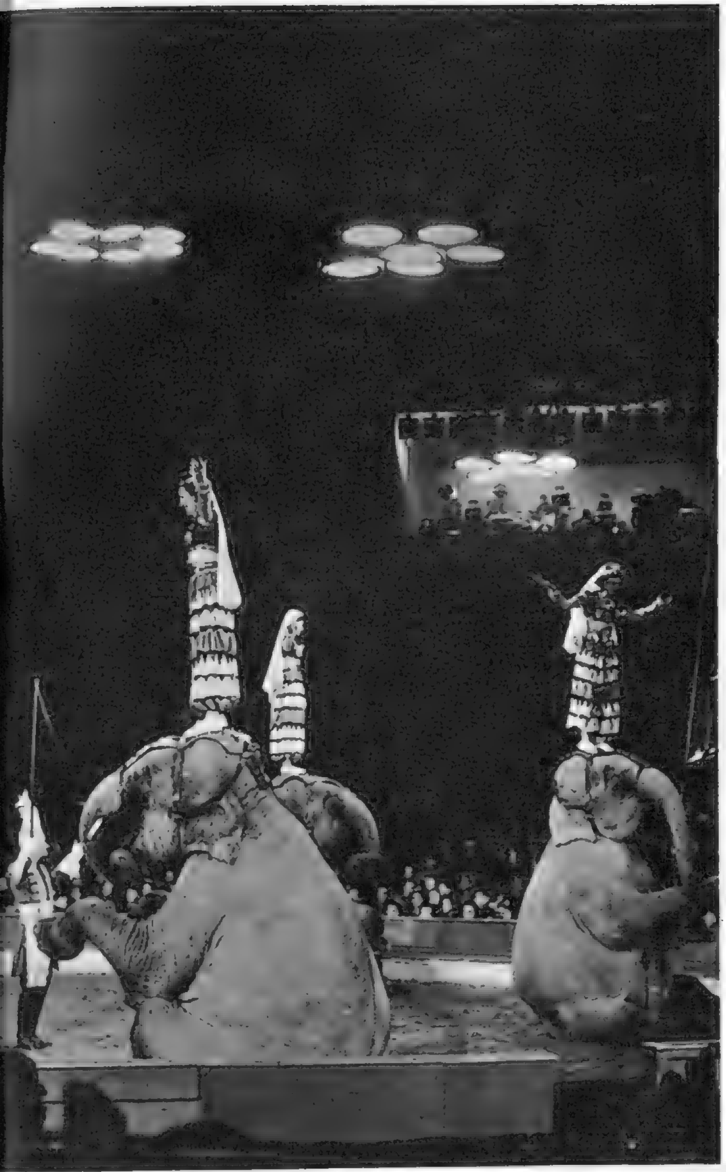
In recent nights I have had most pleasure from Les Ballets Nègres, though I am adding insult to injury for Sutton Coldfield viewers in saying so. They, poor dears, were apparently enjoying those gramophone records and embarrassed announcers and false

(*Continued opposite.*

Peggy Simpson took the part of the amorous mermaid out of water in the Christmas-night comedy, *Miranda*. The "tail" is set in the London flat of Sir Paul Marten, played by David Tomlinson. One problem was solved for producer John Glyn-Jones when Peggy slid easily into the rubber tail worn by Glynis Johns for the film version of the play.

"The Sketch" annual awards for the most outstanding achievements in literature, the theatre, cinema, radio, and television were televised at a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel. Carol Reed, holding his award—made to him for his brilliant direction of *The Third Man*, the film of the year—chats to our film critic, C. A. Lejeune.

Wilfred Pickles took a mobile TV unit to Twickenham for a Christmas Party at the Brinsworth Hall Variety Artistes' Home. The veteran entertainers were themselves entertained by Vera Lynn, Fred Brazin, the "pickpocket," Nat Allen and his Band, and Wilfred, seen persuading one of the residents to "Have a Go."



Spectacular opening to the New Year was a special performance of Bertram Mills' Circus, popular event for children of all ages. Viewers saw all the fun of the Big Top, including this elephant ballet, high-wire comedy acts, bareback riding, clowns, jugglers, acrobats. Commentator Wynford Vaughan Thomas was with the cameras at the ringside.

. . . by FREDERICK LAWS

starts that go with a technical hitch, and generally only occur when you have invited neighbours round in order that they may go green with envy.

Televised ballet can be very satisfactory, though the great companies performing classical ballets are often a flop. They can't keep inside the chalk marks drawn on the studio floor, and some of the best of them can see no reason why they should try. For the little screen you want dances designed to be seen on it, and it helps to hold our trivial minds if the ballet has a story. Berto Pasuka and his company came over with a wallop. The strong rhythm, the gusto and the strangeness would charm viewers who might be afraid to like ordinary ballet because it is known to be a highbrow taste.

I was disappointed by *Les Enfants du Paradis*. That marvellous patch of miming by Jean-Louis Barrault, when he saves a girl in the crowd from unjust arrest by reproducing the movements of the true pickpocket, was still marvellous. But the English subtitles were maddeningly half-visible, and the long, slow passages which pad out even the finest French films seemed longer and slower than ever.

Tessie O'Shea's first appearance was a success after a shaky beginning. At first it looked as though this redoubtable and experienced artist was suffering from stage fright, but after a minute or two she took control and, shall we say, filled the screen.

I quite liked *Hindle Wakes*. It is a witty play and more subtle in its treatment of mixed human motives than I had remembered. But I must confess that I liked it just as well lying down on a sofa and merely listening to the sound, and it was only the forceful performance of Julia Braddock as Fanny Hawthorn in the last act which made me sit up and start goggling away again at the set. I wonder why this admirable little comedy has not been recognised as a stout blow struck for unpolitical feminism? It smacks male vanity harder than Mr. Bernard Shaw has ever managed to hit it.

Of *Miranda* and *Miss Mabel* I have but fading memories, though they passed evenings cheerfully enough in running over the risible possibilities of mermaids and murder.

ROBERT SILVEY'S Viewer Research report—What Viewers Like—was a nice soothing affair for late on Sunday night. It seems that one in every eight viewing families have filled in a form with critical opinions which can be translated into cards with holes in them, and those holes help the cards to sort themselves into heaps in a very jolly way. And it turns out that on an average you view two or three afternoons and five or six evenings a week. Don't you have any hobbies or vices or anything? You prefer plays from the studio to plays from theatres—which is sensible of you. But would you go on preferring newsreels to feature films if the feature films were any good? Those holed and holy cards told Mr. Silvey about What Viewers Dislike, too, but he didn't tell *us*. Sad, but it's nice to know that from now on a panel of 600 families will give the B.B.C. "a steady stream of come-back." Hurrah for "come-back" and public-opinion research and the B.B.C. planners and cards riddled with significant holes.

OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUETS GO TO . . .

. . . Berto Pasuka, the choreographer and author of stories danced by the Ballet Nègres, for his engagingly ferocious dancing witch-doctor, seen here in *They Came*, a ballet portraying the impact of Christianity on primitive religion.

. . . Julia Braddock, for her acting in the part of the spirited Fanny in *Hindle Wakes*. Here, Fanny explains to the son of a rich mill-owner, Alan Jeffcote, played by Patric Doonan, that though a "ruined girl" nothing will induce her to marry him now.

CELEBRATING IN BALI

Return from a hospital is a big event in Bali, so when Made Pegi, Balinese wife of Swiss-born painter Theo Meier, came back with her week-old daughter from Den Pasar Hospital, her husband decided to celebrate by throwing a party.

The cocktail-party, with Theo Meier, the host, on the left, faced opposite by his wife, Made Pegi, flowery-headed, and their guests, some American, some Balinese, around the table. Later will come the memorable feast, for which elaborate preparations have been made with all sorts of delicacies of the island—such as a wonderful turtle *sate* and roast sucking-pig.

Balinese women are very clever at making exquisite decorative ornaments of flowers and palm-leaves for a special occasion. Ni Njoman Lumbang, whose head is adorned with a fascinating topknot of flowers, uses her long fingers to cut and pin together something for the young mother to wear.

To top off the occasion, Theo took his guests to see a *sangyang* dance in the village, given to ward off sickness. In a trance-state two young village girls, who believe that goddesses have entered their bodies, execute the most difficult dances, though quite untrained.

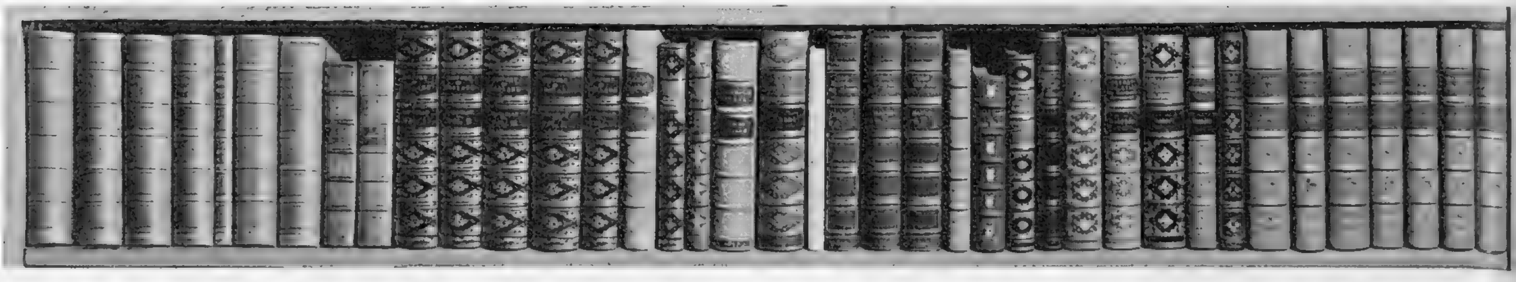
KING FEISAL OF IRAQ

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD King Feisal II. of Iraq, now at school in this country at Harrow, spends his holidays at his English home, Stanwell Place, near Staines, with his A.D.C. and tutor. Until he comes of age, his uncle, the Emir Abdul Illah, is acting as Regent. Another uncle is King Abdullah of Transjordan. Our picture shows King Feisal leaving his Staines home to take his three dogs for a walk.

A FALSTAFF WHO MATTERS

IN the strenuous title-rôle of Verdi's *Falstaff* at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, Arnold Matters gives a performance of brilliance. His sense of comedy never obscures the excellence and lucidity of his singing, and he makes of the old fat knight a figure of rollicking life yet a man of breeding withal. His farce is sly, artful, rather than broad ; his sense of timing admirable. And that face and head so perfectly in keeping—almost a Franz Hals !

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

FLOWERS ON THE GRASS.
By Monica Dickens.
(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)

MISS DICKENS has defiantly used that comparatively rare and supposedly unpopular form—the picaresque novel. Moreover, she not only takes her central character through a long series of independent episodes, but builds each one from the outside, as it were, so that the reader has to make the acquaintance of a new set of characters no less than eleven times. This was brave and thoroughly justified. The result is a shimmering patchwork of modern life, vivid, warm and cleverly stitched together.

Daniel Brett is by way of being an artist, a feckless, hard-drinking, very likeable young man. First one meets his wife (who is also his cousin), who by sheer understanding and love has secured him in a country cottage, where they are happy. After her death, Daniel rouses the sympathy of an amiable "funny man" named Ossy, but finds his solicitude too much for him and moves to a respectable private hotel, where he does some steady drinking and involves a girl called Doris in his troubles. Thence to a cleverly depicted Jewish family with a lovable matriarch who adopts him, till his theft of a motor-car sends him into hiding as a male nurse in charge of a rich young epileptic. He lives for a time with a war-widow called Valerie, is mistaken for a much publicised murderer, works in the terrifying atmosphere of a holiday camp, and after a co-educational episode which puts him in hospital among some all too human nurses, is seen giving the use of his cottage, his only asset, to a rather pleasant couple in sore need of it. He once more disappears—one hopes into a no less eventful future. Wherever Daniel has been the people he has met have been lively and credible ; indeed, this deliberate creating of countless characters almost amounts to virtuosity in the author. But they are all worth meeting, and the proof of this is that in each case one would like to know more of them. A generous and stimulating book.

★

THE STUMBLING STONE.
By Aubrey Menen. *(Chatto and Windus ; 9s. 6d.)*

ALL too often the second novel of a promising writer is a sore disappointment to those who have liked his first. This is no exception. Mr. Menen will be remembered for his picturesque and gay *The Prevalence of Witches*. In the present book he seems to be trying too hard to exploit his own originality ; one might almost say, without forgetting the slang significance of the phrase, that he is trying to be funny. Although quite often he succeeds, his occasional failures are painful—long and involved pieces of word-play, or such frank cheapness as "he's a tall, military sort of man who's never been nearer the Army than the shilling seats at the Aldershot Tattoo."

The story is of a missionary in India who is sent home by his Maharajah as the rest of the British quit India. Colley Burton arrives in London to find that he has been supposed dead, and has been canonised in the popular imagination by a sentimental play about himself which is showing to crowded houses. His first resolution is to have the play taken off, but he compromises by receiving a percentage of the royalties in order to send a juvenile delinquent to Rome.

This young man, Charles Hopkins, has been almost suffocated by good works and psychiatry, and it is his life-story which arouses the reader's sympathy, as well as Colley Burton's. He is depicted as an essentially decent, even idealistic youth who has been driven to violence by the self-conscious efforts of professional reformers, religious, political and mental. Mr. Menen sets out to flay this professional goodness—and some professional badness, too—not without success. But he becomes verbose and circuitous in the process, and the story lacks the piquant attractiveness of his first novel. None the less, he has a quality of his own, a drive and a neat cynicism which carry one across the arid patches of the story, and he remains one of the younger writers most worth watching. All power to his elbow.

Books in Brief

THE OLD VIC SAGA.
By Harcourt Williams. *(Winchester ; 12s. 6d.)*

The whole story excellently told and illustrated. An astonishingly inexpensive book.

TIMELESS. By Prince Nicholas Tchkotona.
(Putnam ; 8s. 6d.)

A quiet, nostalgic story of pre-Revolution Russia.

IN A HARBOUR GREEN.
By Benedict Kiely. *(Cape ; 9s. 6d.)*

A rather self-conscious novel, set in Northern Ireland.

ROSEVERE. By Kathleen Wallace.
(Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.)

Artistic community in a Cornish village. More entertaining for the reader than for the Cornishmen.

ODYSSEUS AND THE SWINE.
By Lion Feuchtwanger. *(Hutchinson ; 8s. 6d.)*

Efficient but oddly unoriginal stories by the author of *Jew Suss*.

POLICEMEN IN THE PRECINCT.
By E. C. R. Lorac. *(Collins ; 8s. 6d.)*

Chief Inspector Macdonald investigating the death of a scandal-monger in a Cathedral town.

SKI-ING SIMPLIFIED.
By Arnold Fawcus. *(Faber and Faber ; 15s.)*

First-rate introduction to the new swing technique in downhill ski-ing used by all the world's great skiers. Written by the trainer of this year's British team. Illustrated by vivid explanatory diagrams and fine photographs.

TROY AND THE MAYPOLE.
By Winston Clewes.
(Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.)

FRANKLY, I don't quite see the point. I cannot understand why a novelist as vigorous and persuasive as Mr. Clewes should have chosen to tell the story of such a dull and insignificant group of people as the four central characters of this book. Dirk Warren is given a terrific build-up as a ruthless time-server, both as a boy and a young man, but grows into a drab adulterer with not very convincing Fascist leanings. His brother Charlie's function seems to be to see no wrong in Dirk, and to be killed by an Italian thug in mistake for him. Sybil Gardner is a wraith and Barney Douglas, who tells the story, is one of those earnest bores who take everything, even the second-rate Dirk, far too seriously.

We see these four first as children, but they grow up between the wars to the inevitable tangles of jealousy. The early chapters, describing their adventures in an old seaport, and showing them as the children of local shopkeepers, are done adequately well, but it soon becomes obvious that Mr. Clewes is sowing the seeds of their later characteristics. We know that Dirk will be an attractive rotter, that Charlie will be his Old Faithful, and that Barney will be the solemn friend who tries to make everyone happy. We don't know much about Sybil, and are chilled by the feeling that the author knows no more. In other words, it's just not good enough to come from an author who has shown himself capable of so much more, and for whom so much has been predicted.

★

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.
By H. Oloff de Wet. *(Blackwood ; 9s. 6d.)*

THIS is one of the most strange and terrible books which have yet been thrown up from the ugly crater of wartime imprisonment in Germany. Mr. de Wet was, in the best sense of the word, an adventurer, who fell into the hands of the Gestapo. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, reporting his trial as a spy for France, described him as follows : ". . . . comes from English military stock . . . he served nine months as a pilot and Intelligence officer in the army of the Negus. Forced to leave Abyssinia on account of a duel, he offered his services to General Franco. Not being accepted, he joined the Reds, and for three months served as a fighter-pilot. During this time he began his work for the Deuxième Bureau. . . ."

De Wet says that this is for the most part accurate. He was arrested in Prague in the early years of the war, condemned to death and by some freak of circumstance not executed. He spent four years awaiting death, existing in circumstances so horrific that his survival seems miraculous. In his whole story there is not a suggestion of self-pity, nor any attempt to play up the dramatic or the sadistic. It is a day-to-day account of what happened to him and how his strained and tortured spirit succeeded in giving him not only survival, but a kind of integrity. There is sometimes a note of hysteria in the very prose of it, but it is written as courageously as its events were lived through. I think that everyone should read one book on this subject, and this is my choice.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Evelyn Gibbs: For editing "Woman's Hour" without ever assuming that women prefer to be treated as half-wits.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Welcome back to the screen to Robert Donat, who produced, directed, and plays the harassed young sergeant on leave in *The Cure for Love*, a broad comedy of his native Lancashire; and gives a stamp of joyous authority to a part that he plainly adores.

C A Lejeune

STAGE.—Hy (short for Hyacinth) Hazell: For giving some character to a Principal Boy (Dick Whittington at the Princes), and for speaking so effectively John of Gaunt's apostrophe to England in the middle of a pantomime.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Christopher Kininmonth: For his fine book about the Ægean—*The Children of Thetis*.

Accent on Youth

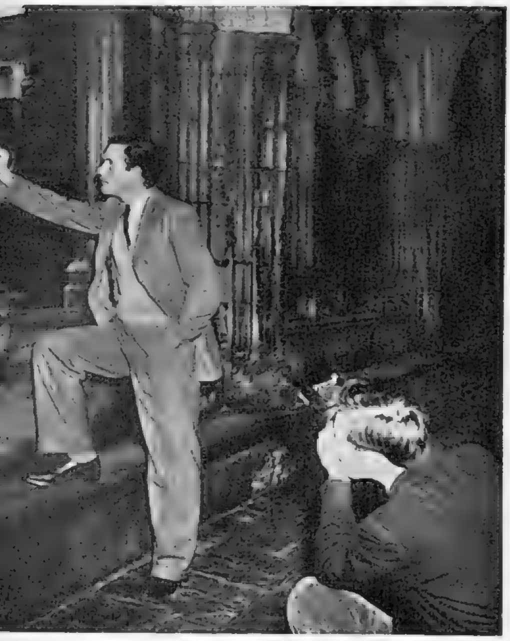
" HARLEQUIN "

SHORTLY before Christmas a new illustrated magazine was launched at Oxford. Its name is *Harlequin* ; it is produced, financed, edited, and even distributed, by undergraduates ; its object is to present the University of Oxford, its history, literature, contemporary thought and way of life to the world.

On the lighter side, a publicity stunt was organised by which the first copies of the magazine were flown to Cambridge in a specially chartered airplane. A human Harlequin accompanied the magazine on this "civilising mission." Champagne was provided at both ends of the journey ; Cambridge gave them a very good reception, but the Oxford Proctors were not so enthusiastic and imposed a fine on account of the unauthorised flight.

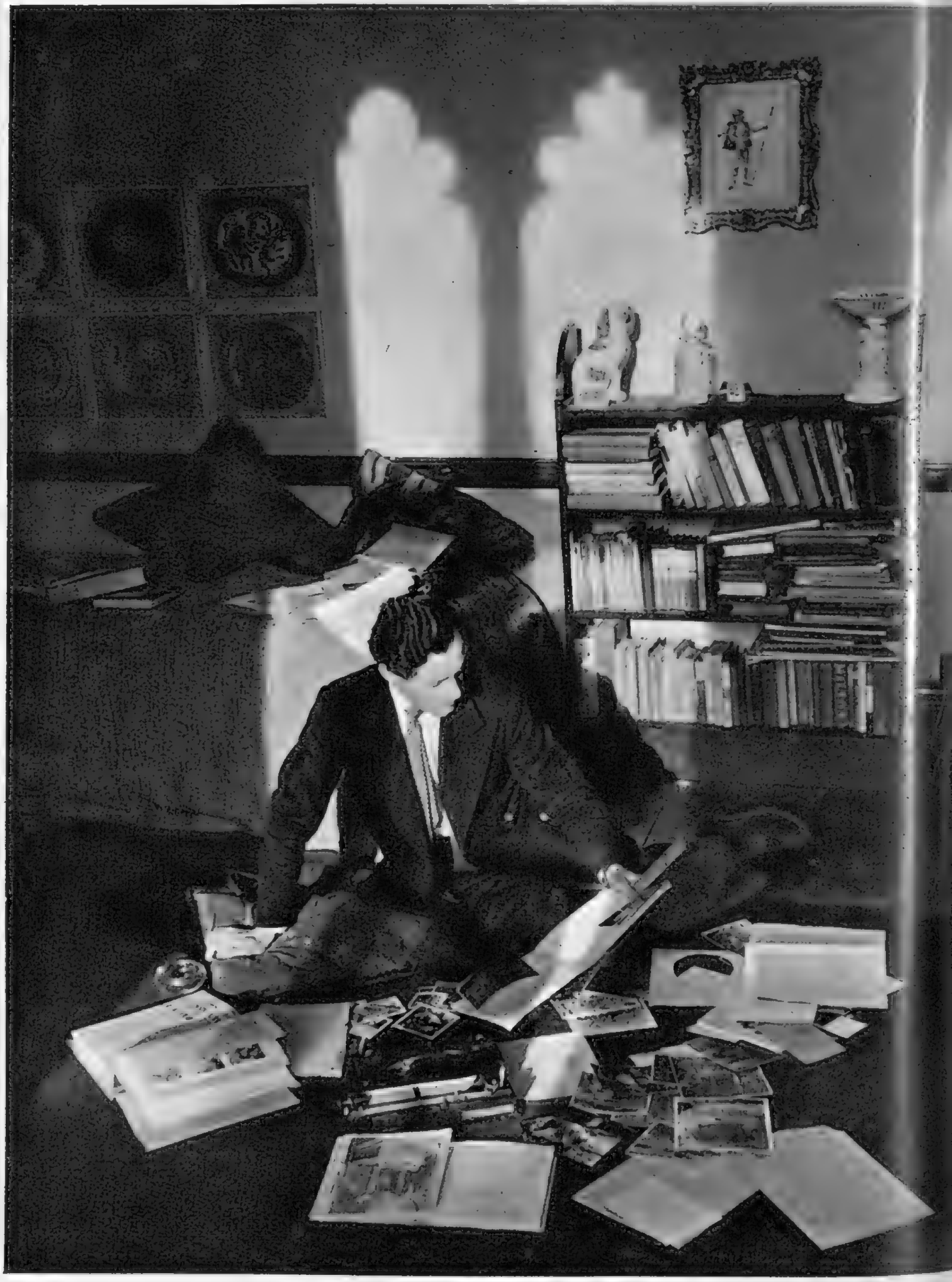
Photographs by *Harlequin's* staff photographer, Otto Wagner.

The joint-editors of *Harlequin*, Oliver Carson (in dressing-gown) and Anthony Blond, hold a preliminary conference in Carson's chambers.



Photographer Otto Wagner takes a picture for the feature, "An Undergraduate Goes Down," which appeared in the first issue of the magazine.

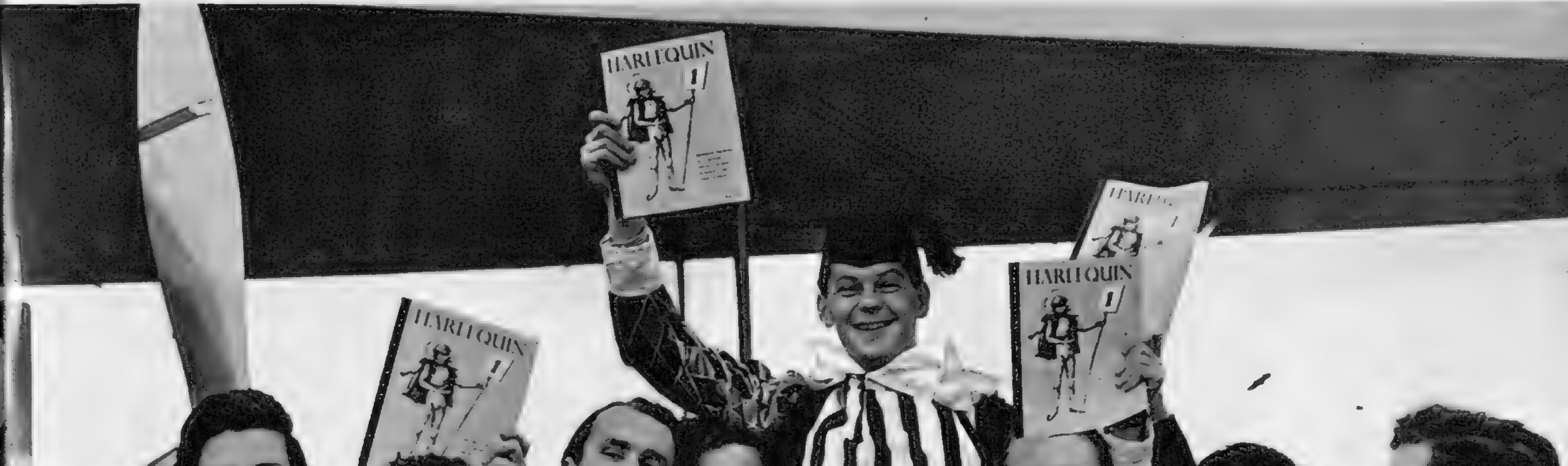
In the editorial office, joint-editor Anthony Blond dictates to secretary Jane Meredith.



Joint-editor Oliver Carson in his chambers considers current contributions with a view to making a final selection for the issue and considering the layout.

Distributing the first edition of *Harlequin* at the bookshops : the joint-editors make their own deliveries by taxi. The next issue appears in March.

Harlequin arrives on the bookstalls. A prospective customer considers whether the price of half-a-crown is worth it—and decides in favour.



The civilising mission to Cambridge. (L. to r.) Milo Cripps (nephew of Sir Stafford), Oliver Carson (joint-editor), Christopher Tolkien, the Hon. Nicky Ridley, David Clarke (as Harlequin), Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Anthony Blond (joint-editor), Otto Wagner (photographer). [Photo : Johnston, Oxford.]

"THE CURE FOR LOVE."—Dora Bryan as Janey, Robert Donat as Jack, and Renée Asherson as Milly. Here Jack is in trouble, torn between unwanted fiancée and nice girl from Tooting.

"BICYCLE THIEVES."—Enzo Staiola as Bruno, and Lamberto Maggiorani as Antonio. Although neither had acted before, they portray a profoundly moving relationship between father and son.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

"THE CURE FOR LOVE."

I have been deeply touched, and just a fraction amused, by the friendly efforts of metropolitan and south-country colleagues to protect us northerners against *The Cure for Love*, Robert Donat's screen version of Walter Greenwood's Lancashire comedy. When I came out of the Press-show, full of a rich and secret enjoyment, my London colleagues clustered round with well-meant apologies. The film, they said, was of course fictitious. Real Lancashire people were quite different, naturally. The local types, they said, were obviously burlesques; the sets were artificial and not realistic; there was no attempt at all, what a pity, to approach the subject documentarily. Some of the nicest of them, bless their big, warm hearts, waxed quite indignant about that.

The secret of it all is, of course, that *The Cure for Love* is a joke for northerners by northerners. Both Walter Greenwood, who wrote the original play, and Robert Donat, who produced, directed, helped to adapt, and starred in it for the screen, are Lancashire lads. What they have done here is exactly what Gracie Fields has always done; taken the broad sense of humour of the North Country and worked it riotously at its own expense. *The Cure for Love* isn't meant to be realistic or documentary, any more than *The Rochdale Hunt* is meant to be realistic or documentary. The whole thing is a fiction in the native idiom, done with the Lancashire tongue firmly fixed in the Lancashire cheek.

Coming from Manchester myself—I was born only a few streets away from Robert Donat, and used to see him as a boy scorching along the pavements on a tricycle—I thought the film was prime fun. The story is about a Lancashire sergeant on leave, who has a dreadful time trying to disengage himself from the fiancée he left behind him in order to propose to the factory girl from Tooting, who has been billeted on his mother. The fiancée, shrewdly and brazenly played by that clever young actress Dora Bryan, is determined to cling to the ring, the man, and the nylons he has brought home from abroad. The nice girl from Tooting, played with her own sort of pert charm by Renée Asherson, is not by any means too refined to look out for herself. Between the two of them Robert Donat, as the sergeant, a soft-hearted lout who doesn't want to hurt anybody, is dragged this way and that, so that the leave to which he has been looking forward turns out to be the most miserable three weeks of his life.

"BICYCLE THIEVES."

It is not often that a film has come to us from the Continent with such an advance reputation as *Bicycle Thieves*. De Sica's picture of life in post-war Rome has won, according to Synopsis, "innumerable International Awards," and has been spoken of for months with bated breath by people who managed to catch it on their travels in Europe. Only a truly great film could live up to such a golden promise, and *Bicycle Thieves* is not that: but it is a good film, and a very interesting one, and at moments quite extraordinarily touching.

A young workman gets the chance of a job as billposter, but the job is dependent on the possession of a bicycle. His own machine is in pawn, but his wife redeems it in exchange for her bed-linen. On his first morning at work, the bicycle is stolen. The man, with his small son as companion, sets out to look for it. He follows the trail of the thief through every quarter of Rome—through the small streets, the markets, the brothels, the churches. In despair, the workman, in his turn, steals somebody else's bicycle, but he is caught by the crowd, and the crying child has to stand by while his father is manhandled. At the end, they trudge wearily home, without a bicycle and without a job.

The force of the film lies in its vivid impressions of the details of city life, and in the beautifully sketched relationship between the man and the boy. The boy's performance, in particular, is one of the most moving things I have ever seen on the screen, and his large, melancholy eyes, his sturdy walk, and his wistful assumption of manhood, continue to haunt me.

The film's weakness, to my taste, is a certain unæsthetic bitterness—a savage bitterness, in the case of the church scene—which brings it occasionally into the class of a political manifesto. But De Sica has his own answer to that, and it is worth quoting. "To see is very useful to an artist. Most men do not want to see, because often the pain of others troubles them. We, on the contrary, want to see. Our one aim is to see."

FILMS IN BRIEF

"AFTER MIDNIGHT."—Alan Ladd and Wanda Hendrix in a thriller about an American soldier who goes back to clear up certain unfinished affairs in post-war Italy. Admirably active and utterly preposterous.

"THE ROCKING-HORSE WINNER."—A haunting British film from D. H. Lawrence's dreadful little masterpiece about a small boy's agonising power of getting racing tips from his rocking-horse, and his death after amassing a fortune for a selfish mother. Censorship has ruined the end, but the film, with John Mills, Valerie Hobson and John Howard Davies, is never negligible.

"LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING."—Sprawling Technicolor musical, based on the short life-story of America's beloved musical comedy actress, Marilyn Miller. June Haver's pale, pretty performance hardly explains Miss Miller's phenomenal success, but the film has some good things in it, notably Ray Bolger's dancing and the voice of Gordon Macrae, now a best-selling crooner.

"IT CONCERNS US ALL."—A warm and gentle-hearted film from Denmark about the unhappy children of post-war Europe, something between *The Search* and *Marie Louise*, and well worth seeing.

"A HANDFUL OF RICE."—A Swedish documentary, with an affectionate human story, about a young couple in Siam and their agricultural problems. Out-of-the-way and interesting.

"GIGI."—A nostalgic comedy from a story by Colette, about an *ingénue* and her success in the Paris of the 'nineties, with France's latest up-and-comer, a youngster named Danielle Delorme.

A scene from the Gregory Ratoff production, *My Daughter Joy*, a film based on the American novel by Irene Niemerovski. In this are the four stars: Nora Swinburne, Peggy Cummins (seated), Edward G. Robinson, and Richard Greene (in the background).

Pat Kirkwood plays the part of Irene, the leading rôle in John Argyle's latest production, *Once a Sinner*. This is a romantic melodrama about a high-spirited girl who, having been mixed up in the underworld of crime, marries a respectable young bank clerk and tries to settle down into suburban life; and how her past catches up with her.

. . . and PREVIEWS

The long-awaited film *Madeleine*, directed by David Lean and starring Ann Todd, was recently completed and should be seen in London next month. Based on the famous murder trial of 1855, it is the story of Madeleine Smith, daughter of prosperous Glasgow parents, who falls in love with a poor warehouse clerk, Emile d'Angelier. Subsequently she tires of him and becomes engaged to another man. Angelier threatens to disclose their affair, but before he can do so, dies of arsenical poisoning. Madeleine's many love-letters to him are discovered, also the fact that she had bought arsenic from a chemist shortly before her lover's death; and she is charged with his murder. After a trial which caused a world-wide sensation, she was acquitted and left the court a free woman. Pictures show Madeleine buying arsenic, and waiting to mount the steps into the dock at Edinburgh High Court at the beginning of her trial.

LAWN TENNIS.—Dan Maskell's name is synonymous with the teaching side of the game. He is one of the few sports professionals to hold the O.B.E. Coach to the All-England Club and mentor to several vintages of International players, he has an ability, rare among even the best coaches, to practise as well as he preaches, for he is almost unbeatable in tournament play.

CRICKET.—Alf Gover (left) is one of the "private enterprise" brigade, as he is more concerned with individual players than with big classes. The old Surrey and England fast bowler is continuing, with conspicuous success, the cricket school started by Sandham and Strudwick, of his county. Ambition : to discover England's next fast bowler. Meanwhile he is helping many county and club players to improve.

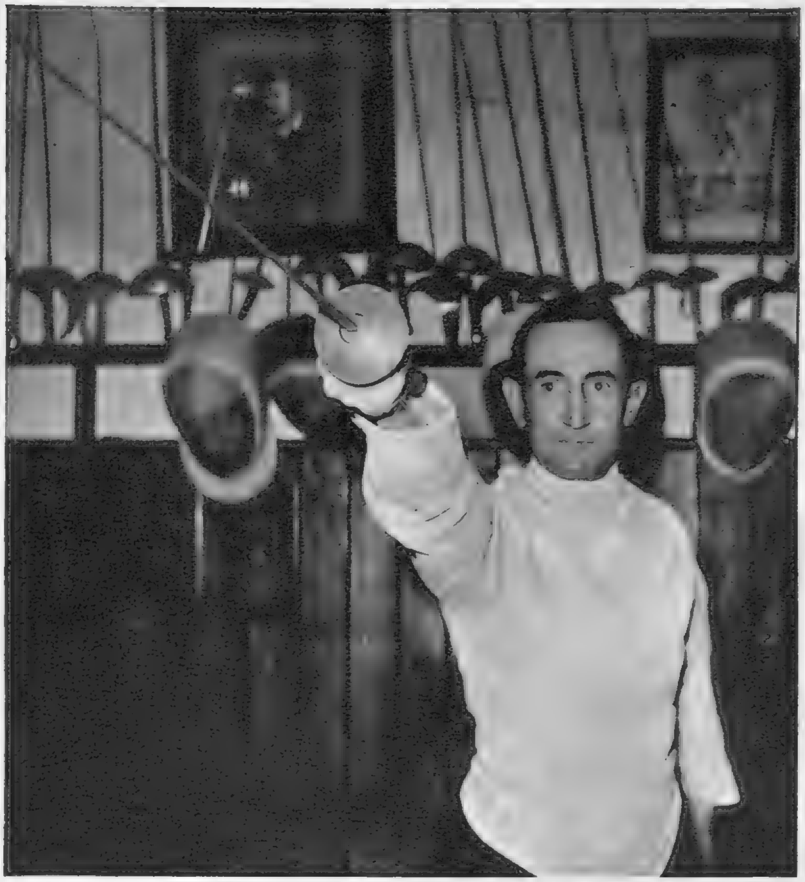
TEACHING BRITONS TO BE

UNNOTICED among the many changes in this changing post-war Britain is a new approach to sport. The nation that for generations took its games lightheartedly, as a change from working hard in commerce, is now finding that success in sport involves hard work. Other countries laughed at our "sport is just a game" attitude and applied themselves to achieving perfection, or near-perfection. Now we, who first taught the world how to play, are learning from our former pupils how to play successfully. The talent is still there, but the new idea is to cultivate it *en masse* through national coaching rather than let it flower singly and untended. There is a danger that amid the anticipated profusion of talent

ARCHERY.—Frank Bilson took up archery in 1942, became an international in 1946, is now British individual champion and vice-president of the Grand National Archery Society. Coaching is in seven stages : standing, "nocking," looking, drawing, holding and aiming, loosing, and pausing. Loosing and pausing are the only additions to the formula laid down more than 400 years ago.

SQUASH RACKETS.—Don Butcher holds in squash a position similar to Dan Maskell in lawn tennis. The Hampstead professional is a former Open and Professional champion, and in addition to his skill as a personal tutor, his writings have become accepted as standard works on the technique of the game. With characteristic energy, he is also secretary of the professionals' committee.

ATHLETICS.—Geoffrey Dyson was one of the first nationally-appointed coaches for any form of sport, and it is fair to say that his success contributed to the rapid expansion of the coaching scheme. Was mainly responsible for the unexpectedly good showing of our athletes in the Olympic Games. Coached, and is married to, Maureen Gardner (here seen hurdling with him), one of our best-ever women hurdlers.



FENCING.—Professor Roger Crosnier, London-born son of a French fencing expert, and a prominent wartime member of the Maquis, has gained all the highest possible awards in fencing. Recently won foil competition open to amateurs and professionals. Coached France's successful Olympics team; was persuaded to close his Paris Salle to tour Britain as the C.C.P.R. coach.

GOOD—WITHOUT LOSING

in full bloom the individual plant may lose its individuality, but that is a small sacrifice in the interests of an improved general standard. This national coaching plan is no contradiction of the old truth that sport and politics will not mix, for although Government-sponsored, it is administered by the non-political Central Council of Physical Recreation. Furthermore, working in close harmony with this organisation's mass-coaching professors, are the private-enterprise tutors of individuals seeking to improve their game. All have the same aim; to re-convert Britain from her recent low status as a nation of watchers and good losers to leadership in all sporting fields. Here are some of the men who are helping to win the battle.

RUGBY UNION.—"Cyril Gadney's Circus" is another unofficial but affectionately-welcomed attempt to improve playing standards. Gadney, Ken Chapman and Arthur Rees use a three-reel film to help practical demonstrations on basic principles of the game. They have visited more than 100 schools and clubs; Gadney also teaches referees how to become good referees.

GOLF.—Fred Robson, of Addington, though not officially sponsored by the C.C.P.R., is largely responsible for Britain's revival in competitive golf. One of the most popular professionals in the game, he has accompanied and inspired International teams, yet possesses the rare knack of being able to switch to elementary tactics at will for the benefit of newcomers.

(Right) : After-ski fashion. Add the spice of variety to ski-holiday clothes with this hand-knitted Tyrol sweater, flashes of clear colour embroidered on white. You will find it for £4 9s. 10d. at DICKINS AND JONES.

For Holiday Snow Slopes

(Right) : A four-piece ski outfit that is a miracle of versatility. A separate hood and skirt (not shown), zip-fronted jacket and vorlagers in proofed gaberdine, all for £29 5s. 6d. Norwegian skis complete with bindings, £13 7s. 6d.—All from LILLYWHITES.

(Above) : A batwing-sleeved zip-fronted jacket and vorlage trousers in proofed gaberdine, £21. Invest in a really good pair of ski boots, and make sure they fit. These cost £7 17s. 4d.—HARRODS.

(Right) : To wear on the rink, a brief pleated skirt in authentic tartan, over matching panties, £7 16s. 9d. The warm wool sweater, £3 10s. ; the skating boots from £2 13s. 7d., or made to measure for you, £6 17s. 6d.—All at LILLYWHITES.

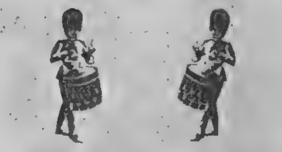
(Right) : A tartan jacket that is snow-proof and hooded against Alpine winds, £11 1s.—At GALERIES LAFAYETTE.

(Right) : *Smartly-cut whipcord ski suit and matching peaked cap with ear-flaps, £27 3s. complete. Don't forget dark glasses for glacier trips, and make sure they have good lenses. Take a bottle of suntan lotion with you. Get them all at* SIMPSONS.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Events from 18th January—1st February

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*



CEREMONY

Princess Elizabeth visits Crawley New Town, Sussex, on Jan. 25.

Princess Elizabeth, who is Chief Ranger of the British Empire, attends the County Rangers Advisers' Conference at Girl Guide Headquarters, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, on Jan. 29, when she will speak on the subject "The Challenge of Our Times."

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

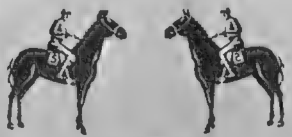
Hugh Montgomery Campbell, son of the Bishop of Guildford, of Bishop's House, Farnham Castle, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Montgomery Campbell, and the Hon. Mary Adderley, daughter of Lord and Lady Norton, of Fillongley Hall, Coventry, Warwickshire.

Captain Richard Hugh Macnair, R.A., son of Brigadier and the Hon. Mrs. J. L. P. Macnair, of Ruckinge House, near Ashford, Kent, and Elizabeth le Poer, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench, of Llwyncelyn, Machynlleth.

Major William Rodney Russell, M.C., The Rifle Brigade, son of Brig.-Gen. the Hon. A. V. F. V. Russell, of 8, Chelsea Square, S.W.3, and the late Hon. Mrs. Alick Russell, and Diana Marigold, daughter of Mr. Arthur Trafford, of Paignton, Devon.

John, son of Col. and Mrs. C. N. Watney, of Bishop's Caundle House, Dorset, and Carol, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. G. G. Cuninghame, of Goldsborough House, Sutton Montis, Somerset.

Frederick Mainwaring-Burton, D.S.C., son of Major and Mrs. Mainwaring-Burton, of Denham Mount, Denham, Bucks, and Rose-Anne Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Templeton, of Wrango Hall, Denham, Bucks.



SPORT

RACING

Jan.	20, 21.	Sandown Park.
,,	21.	Wetherby.
,,	23, 24.	Wolverhampton.
,,	25.	Plumpton.
,,	26.	Wincanton.
,,	27, 28.	Kempton Park.
,,	30, 31.	Nottingham.
Feb.	1, 2.	Haydock Park.
,,	3, 4.	Windsor.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: England *v.* Wales at Twickenham, on Jan. 21. France *v.* Ireland, in Paris, on Jan. 28.

Association Football: (Amateur) England *v.* Wales, at Bangor, on Jan. 21.

Boxing (Amateur): England *v.* Scotland, at Wembley, on Jan. 25. Light Heavyweight Championship: Mills *v.* Maxim, at Earl's Court, on Jan. 24.

Fencing: Desprez Cup, at 1A, Tenterden St., Hanover Sq., on Jan. 21.

MONTE CARLO RALLY

The 20th annual 3000-kilometre car race across Europe, Jan. 22-29. Starting points at Glasgow, Florence, Lisbon, Oslo, Prague, Stockholm and a route beginning with Monte Carlo itself.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Prince of Wales). "Daphne Laureola" (Wyndham's). "One Wild Oat" (Garrick). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Sauce Tartare" (Cambridge). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux' Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy). "Her Excellency" (Saville).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"The Philadelphia Story" (Duchess)—Margaret Leighton's engaging performance, supported by Hugh Sinclair and Robert Beatty.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest (inevitable) musical success.

"Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy)—Ronald Jeans' amusing comedy, with Joan Greenwood and Naunton Wayne.

"Before the Party" (St. Martin's)—adapted from the Maugham short story, with Constance Cummings.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's Coal Board comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse)—A good Agatha Christie whodunit, with Barbara Mullen and Reginald Tate.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"The Miser" (New)—Molière's classic is the Old Vic's fourth production of the season.

"Party Manners" (Embassy)—by Val Gielgud, with Raymond Lovell, Jill Esmond and Clive Morton.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—another verse play by Christopher Fry, with Laurence Olivier producing and playing the lead.

"Boy with a Cart" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—also by Christopher Fry, a double bill with Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" John Gielgud directs. Jan. 19.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—Jean Anouilh's play adapted by Christopher Fry, with Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield. Peter Brook's direction and Oliver Messel's décor. Jan. 25.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" (Arts)—revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Brenda Bruce, produced by Roy Rich; four weeks from Jan. 26.

"Hamlet" (New)—the Old Vic's fifth production of the season. Feb. 2.

"The Purple Fig Tree" (Piccadilly)—a play by a new author, George Ralli, with Margaret Rawlings and Jack Hawkins. Feb. 15.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

Promenade Concerts. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, from Jan. 18 to Jan. 21.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Eduard van Beinum, on Jan. 22. Solo violin: Jan Damen.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, on Jan. 25.

Elgar Memorial Concert. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, on Jan. 27. Solo violin: Yehudi Menuhin.

London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, on Jan. 29. Solo violin: Campoli.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: The repertoire now includes "Madam Butterfly," a new production by Robert Helpmann, with Elizabeth Schwarzkopf in the title-rôle. Karl Rankl conducts.

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: "The Sleeping Beauty" returns to the repertoire on Jan. 20, for 2-3 weeks.

At Sadler's Wells: A new ballet, "El Destino," has its première on Jan. 31.

ART

At the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House: "Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900."

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square: Recent tapestries by Edinburgh Tapestry Co., from Jan. 20.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum: The newly-opened galleries of Continental Art and Islamic Art.

At the Guildhall: Accessions to the Permanent Collection, 1940-1949. Until Jan. 25.

Forty-fourth Exhibition of the Pastel Society at the R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. Until Jan. 30.

Paintings by Baron Opsomer at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit St.

"Paintings of Spain," by John Minton, at Lefevre Gallery, 131, New Bond Street. Until Jan. 28.

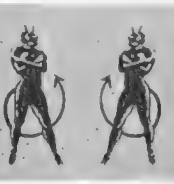
"From Gainsborough to Hitchens" from the Howard Bliss Collection at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Until Feb. 2.

Peter Rose Pulham and Ubac exhibit at the Hanover Gallery, Hanover Square. From Jan. 17.

Sculpture by Benno Elkan, at the Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street. From Jan. 18.

Fuseli exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. From Jan. 27.

Paintings by Alan Clutton-Brock at the Marlborough Gallery, 17, Old Bond Street.



NIGHT LIFE

Dances, Balls and Charity Entertainments

The Annual Ball at the Royal Air Force Mess, Cosford, Staffs, will be held on Jan. 20.

A Dinner-Dance at Ciro's in aid of the St. Marylebone branch of the N.S.P.C.C. on Jan. 30.

The Wilton Hunt Ball will be held at the Guildhall, Salisbury, on Feb. 3.

A Gala Night at Ciro's on Feb. 6 in aid of the National Playing Fields Assn. Tickets (£3 3s.) include dinner, dancing until 2 a.m., cabaret and other attractions, obtainable from Mrs. Boyer, City Hall, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

The Garth Hunt Ball will take place at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, on Feb. 10.

The Southdown Hunt Ball will take place at the Town Hall, Lewes, on Feb. 17.

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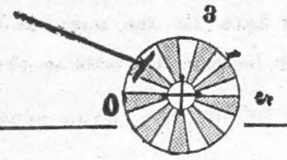

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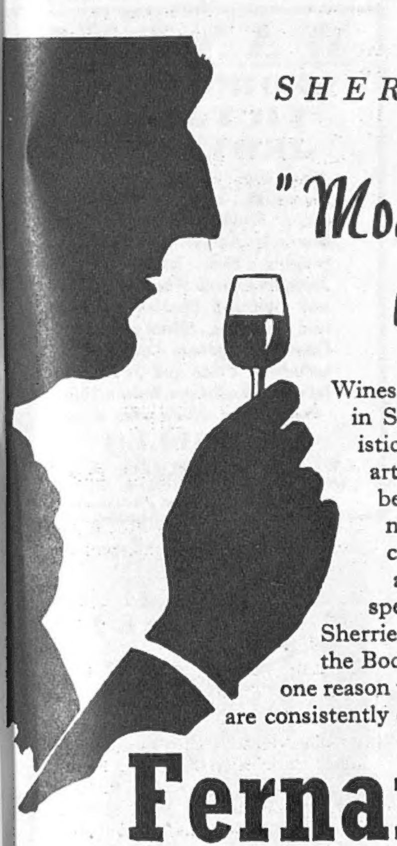

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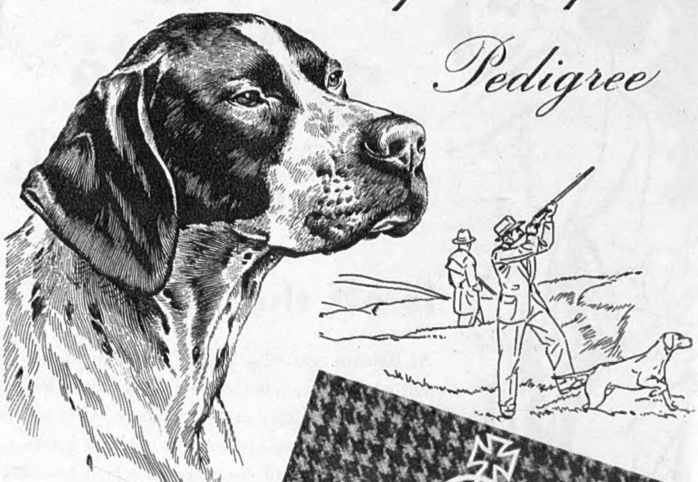

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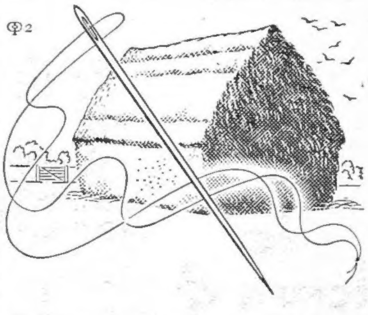

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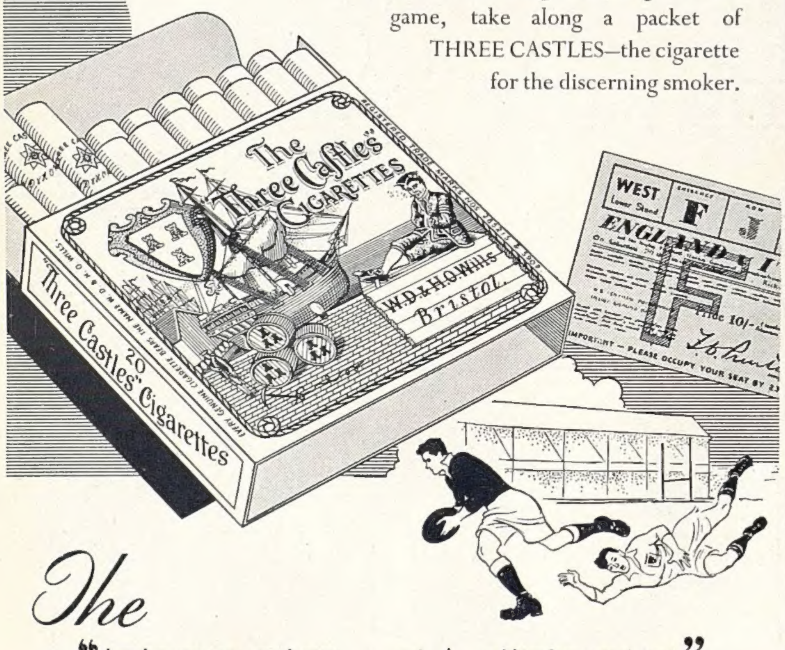

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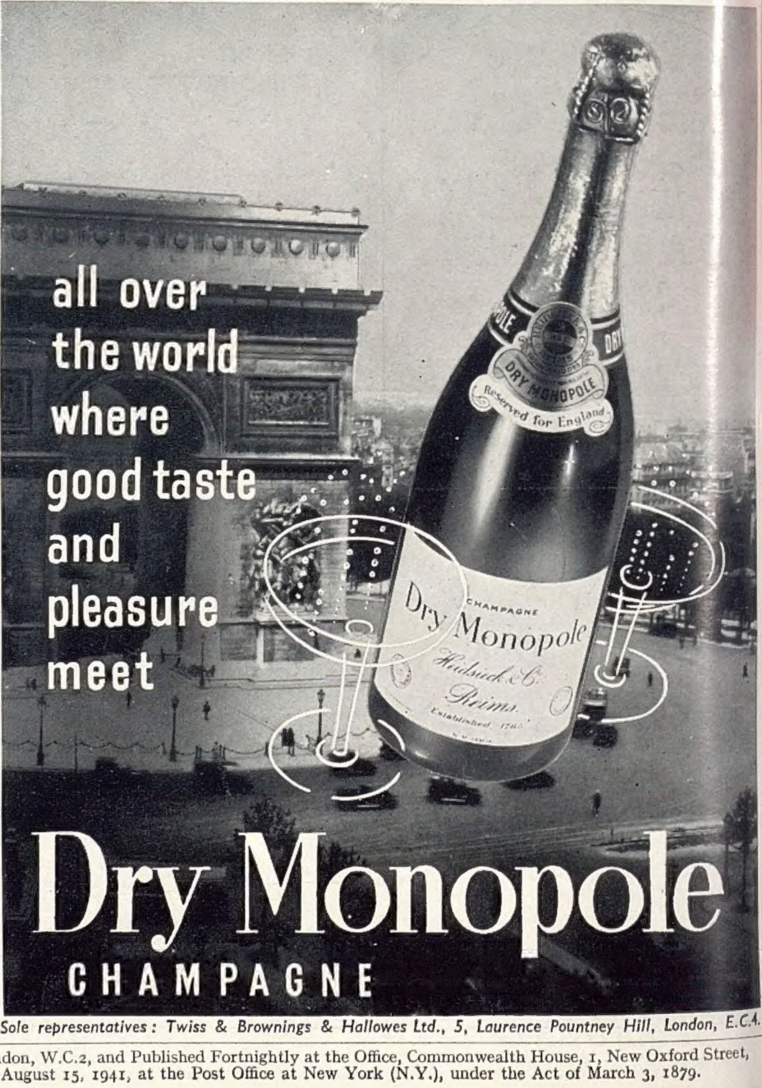

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